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ABREAST THE STORM.

I.

Go down into the valley and leave me with the night;
I hear the thunder break and boom about this rocky height;
This place suits not thy gentle tears, thy face afeard and white.

II.

Go down into the valley and leave me here alone;
Thy breath beats fast against my cheek and cold thy palm has grown:
Hark! how the Titans wave their swords and fling the thunder-stone!

III.

Go down into the valley: the music of despair
Can find no echo in thy heart who art so frail and fair;
But I have passed the bourne of hope, and love the thunder's blare.

IV.

Go down into the valley and leave me with the night;
For I have left the woods and streams and meadows of delight,
And needs must wrestle with the storm upon this rocky height.

Tinsley's Magazine. RICHARD DOWNEY.

A CONCEIT PASTORAL.

"Much virtue in *If*." — As You Like It, act v., sc. 4.

WERE I the strong green grass,
And your's the Daisy's crest
Of gold, and snowy breast,—
And it should come to pass
That for the grass you heard
Me passionately sue
For Daisy's love from you,
And listened — In a word,
If you loved me, and I loved you —

Ah, sweet! my blades should lie
Against your dewy lips,
Till your white petal tips
Blushed crimson as the sky;
And, kissed from pink to red,
Your lips should smile anew,
As dawns of rosy hue
To summer days are wed —
If you loved me, and I loved you!

Temple Bar.

C. T.

MY FAVORITE PICTURE.

In the long gallery of my bygone days
Has memory fashioned pictures fair to see,
But none so fair and none so dear to me
As that wherein she happily portrays

Thy placid star-sweet beauty: it will raise
Thy form before me in the time to be;
And if pure fame should grace my poesy,
Fair Ethel, may I sing its perfect praise?
For now 'tis incomplete, this work of art;
The frame my memory desires is thine;
Deep is it treasured in thy maiden heart;
Alas, I fear it never will be mine —
I mean the golden framework of thy love,
Wrought by the angels in the heavens above.

Tinsley's Magazine.

ZEPHYR.

HER LAST LETTER.

"Tis but a line, a hurried scrawl,
And little seem the words to say,
Yet hold me in reproachful thrall:
"You quarrelled with me yesterday;
To-morrow you'll be sad."

Ay, "you'll be sad," the words are few,
And yet they pierce my soul with pain;
Ay, "you'll be sad," the words are true;
They haunt me with prophetic strain:
"To-morrow you'll be sad."

We quarrelled, and for what? a word,
A foolish speech that jarred the ear,
And thus in wrath our pulses stirr'd;
Then came her letter: "Dear, my dear,
To-morrow you'll be sad."

Few words! half mirth, and half regret,
The last her hand should ever write —
Sad words! learned long ago, and yet
Fresh with new pain to ear and sight:
"To-morrow you'll be sad!"

Macmillan's Magazine. BLANCHE LINDSAY.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

IN vain thou strivest, thou canst not be free
Poor captive, whom the dreary bond
Fate,
Closing in narrower folds, incarcerate
Within the prison-house of Destiny:
Fate of thy parents' blood, too strong for thee,
Fate of thine acts, repented of too late,
Fate born of joy and grief, and love and hate,
Doomed long ago to this catastrophe.

O Fate! we weave thee round our piteous lives
With our own hands — our foolish hands
and light —
Not dreaming that thy webs are iron gyves,
Forged to o'ercrush us in our hearts' despite:
In every murmur at each new mischance,
Is heard the tireless march of Circumstance.
Spectator. W. L. COURTNEY.

From The Quarterly Review.
THE ENGLISH FLOWER-GARDEN.*

As spring comes on, the fancy of any man who cares about a garden "lightly turns to thoughts" of flowers and the gardens where they grow. Never, perhaps, was the art of gardening so popular, we wish we could say so intelligent, as at present. The stately homes of England, the villas that line the roads of suburban districts, the cottages clustering round a village green, often even a back yard or window-sill in the heart of some manufacturing town, all testify in their different ways to the desire of having an adornment of flowers. Indeed the desire, as Bacon long ago pointed out, in his famous and often-quoted essay, is as old as man himself; or, if any one prefer to trace back the instinct, not to the garden of Eden, but to the habits of a bird, he may be reminded of the gardener bower-bird (*Amblyornis inornata*) of New Guinea, who, making a bower for the pleasure of his mate, will decorate the front of it with flowers carefully stuck into the sod.†

Nothing more strikingly shows the interest that is now taken in gardening, than the number of books that are published on the subject. Those which we place at the head of this article are only a very few, but, though of various merit, and written with various purpose, they have this in common—that they deal less with the craft of the gardener than

with the flowers themselves. But besides these, and such as these, we have manuals of gardening, with their annual and monthly calendars of garden operations, their practical advice and technical knowledge. Then there are the almost countless catalogues of the nurserymen and seedsmen, which often add excellent, and sometimes colored, engravings, and always supply much useful information. Moreover, in addition to the gardening articles that appear in the *Field* and elsewhere, there are no less than six weekly newspapers, and five monthly periodicals, all devoted to gardening. Lastly, from time to time, some publication comes out in parts, as a monograph on some particular species or group of plants, which, with its beautifully painted illustrations, will one day take its place among other magnificent folios in the botanical libraries of the world.

So much has been written about the old English or Elizabethan garden, that we need hardly enter into great detail on the subject. Bacon has told us what his ideal garden was—the outside lawn, the enclosed garden, and the wilderness. Of course few gardens can ever have approached the perfection of which he dreams, but his general type was the type of the garden of his day. He does not approve of "the making of knots or figures with divers colored earths," near the house; but in the garden proper, which is enclosed by hedges with green alleys running past them, he will allow of "variety of device." Each month is to have its own flowers, and he values flowers, as Milton seems to have done, more for fragrance than for color. And the variety of flowers of the old garden was, even in comparatively small places, far greater than we might at first suppose. Thomas Tusser, who was then a Suffolk farmer published his "Points of Husbandry" in 1557, and he gives a long list of the plants he grew for the kitchen, for salads, for physic, and of flowers for "windows and pots." The New Shakespeare Society, too, has lately been reprinting Harrison's "Description of England," first printed in 1577, and he, in a chapter on gardening, describes his own "little plot, void of

- * 1. *My Garden, its Plan and Culture.* By Alfred Smeel. Second Edition, 1872.
 2. *Alpine Flowers for English Gardens.* By W. Robinson. Third Edition, 1877.
 3. *Gleanings from French Gardens.* By W. Robinson. Second Edition, 1869.
 4. *Flora Symbolica.* By John Ingram. 1869.
 5. *Haworth's Book of the Flower-Garden.* By David Thomson. Third Edition, 1876.
 6. *Flowers and Gardens.* By Forbes Watson, 1872.
 7. *A Year in a Lancashire Garden.* By Henry A. Bright. Second Edition, 1879.
 8. *Hardy Herbaceous and Alpine Flowers.* By William Sutherland. 1871.
 9. *Horticulture.* By F. W. Lurbridge, 1877.
 10. *The Famous Parks and Gardens of the World.* Nelson and Sons, 1880.
 11. *Plant Lore of Shakespeare.* By Rev. Henry Ellacombe, 1878.
- This very curious bird was first described by Schlegel; and a full account of it by Dr. Beccari, with a colored illustration of its bower and garden, will be found in Gould's "Birds of New Guinea."

all cost in keeping," as having, "in the varietie of simples," "verie neere three hundred of one sort and other contained therein, no one of them being common or usually to be had."

Two of the most celebrated gardens of those days were Nonsuch and Cobham. Nonsuch seems to have had a number of statues, and a wonderful fountain with Diana and Actæon; and its lilac-trees are particularly mentioned. Of Cobham, in Kent, then belonging to Lord Cobham, but now to Lord Darnley, Holinshed says, "No varietie of strange flowers and trees do want, which praise or price maiest obtaine from the furthest part of Europe or from other strange countries, whereby it is not inferior to the Garden of Semiramis." A little later, Lord Fairfax's garden was glorified by Andrew Marvell. It was built, as was supposed to be appropriate for a soldier's garden, in the form of a fort with five bastions, and

the flowers as on parade
Under their colors stand displayed;
Each regiment in order grows,
That of the tulip, pink, and rose.

Later on still (in 1685) Sir William Temple, in his celebrated essay, described the gardens in his day as not often exceeding six or eight acres, enclosed by walls, and "laid out in a manner wholly for advantage of fruits, flowers, and the product of kitchen gardens." He goes on to say that

in every garden four things are necessary to be provided for, flowers, fruit, shade, and water, and whoever lays out a garden without all these must not pretend to any perfection. It ought to lie to the best parts of the house, so as to be but like one of the rooms out of which you step into another. The part of your garden next your house (besides the walls that go round it) should be a parterre for flowers, and grass plots bordered with flowers: or if, according to the newest mode, it be cast all into grass plots and gravel walks, the dryness of these should be relieved with fountains, and the plainness of those with statues.

He then quotes the garden at Moor Park, made by the Countess of Bedford, as "the perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw." He says, "The length of the house, where the best rooms, or of most

use or pleasure are, lies upon the breadth of the garden:" the "great parlor" opens upon a broad terrace walk, and then three flights of steps descend to a very large parterre, with its standard laurels, its fountains, and its statues. This garden must obviously have been a garden of an architectural rather than of a horticultural character, and was not at all the ordinary garden of the ordinary country house. But the garden, which we properly associate with those described by the poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was the garden "enclosed by walls," within which were flower-beds and herb and kitchen gardens, divided by flowering shrubs, and green walks, and verdant alleys. It was in such a garden that Spenser's butterfly met its untimely end, and such were

The gardens of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold.

It was in the "pleached bower" of such a garden, where the ripe honeysuckles obscured the sun, that Shakespeare's Beatrice was to hide. Of such a garden Andrew Marvell was thinking, when he described the lilies and roses, on which Sylvio's fawn was wont to feed. In these old gardens Cowley wrote his essays, and Herrick gathered the fancies of a poet, or the warnings of a moralist, with his early violets and fading daffodils.

And so, with but few changes, these Elizabethan gardens grew on from year to year, till a certain modification occurred, when William III. introduced a taste for whatever was characteristic of Holland: statues were fewer, and hedges of box or yew, clipped into fantastic shapes, became all the fashion. These clipped hedges, indeed, were no new invention, as Sir Walter Scott appears to have thought, for Bacon had denounced them. He did "not like images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff, they be for children." Earlier still, Leland, in his "Itinerary," speaks of the castle of Wrexhill, and says that outside "the mote" were orchards, and "in the orchards were mountes *opere topiario*."

But the most famous specimen of topiarian work in England is probably

that at Levens Hall in Westmoreland. It was the work of Beaumont, a well-known gardener of his day, and dates from 1701, the last year of William III.'s reign. Colonel Graham was at that time owner of Levens, and some curious letters from his steward still exist, describing the laying out of the grounds and the planting of the yews, of which one group was clipped into the shape of Queen Elizabeth with her maids of honor.

Long rows of trees, moreover, were now formed on the several sides of great houses, and at Cobham (the varied fortune of whose garden is singularly instructive) a semicircle of trees was planted near the west front, from which radiated five avenues. But the Dutch fashions and the topiarian work and the long avenues were to be of no great duration. It is more than probable that political feeling, as well as mere fashion, may have had something to do with the change in many cases; but, however this may be, those who set themselves up as men of taste began to find fault with the existing style. Pope was among the first to discover that there was a monotony when grove nodded to grove, and each alley had its brother, and he insisted that nature must "never be forgot," and that one must "consult the genius of the place in all." So he set to work to consult the genius of his own villa at Twickenham, and this genius certainly prevented anything monotonous. He had flower-beds, and slopes, and mounds, and vistas, and a cypress grove, and a shell temple, and an orangery, and a bowling-green, and, above all, a wonderful grotto "finished with shells, and interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms."

And it was about this time that Batty Langley, also of Twickenham, wrote his "New Principles of Gardening, or the Laying-out and Planting Parterres, Groves, Wildernesses, Labyrinths, Avenues, Parks, etc., after a more Grand and Rural manner than has been done before." This "grand and rural manner" expresses pretty clearly the confusion we find all through his book. He must have known Pope's villa, and probably the poet himself, and it is evident that he too intended

to consult nature and the "genius" of a place. He says there is not "anything more shocking than a stiff, regular garden, where, after we have seen one quarter thereof, the very same is repeated in all the remaining parts, so that we are tired, instead of being further entertained with something new, as expected." He thinks "our gardens much the worst of any in the world, some few excepted," and is severe on the late Mr. London and Mr. Wise for having laid out gardens for the nobility "in a regular, stiff, and stuff-up manner," with crowded evergreens and "trifling flower-knots." But the compliments which he pays to nature are, after all, not much more than lip-homage. His principles seem very right, but his designs, of which we have very many, show that the "grand" had quite got the better of the "rural." Even the design of "a rural garden after the new manner" consists of "a fine large plain parterre, environed with an easy, agreeable slope," and "adorned with Apollo, Minerva, and Pallas (*sic*), the Seven Liberal Arts, Mercury, and Pytho;" then there is an octagon basin, with Neptune, and avenues and canals and more statues, and "we can never know when we have seen the whole."

And now the period of the so-called "landscape gardeners" began, though in reality their business was rather with the *grounds* than with the garden proper.

Of these Kent was the first of eminence. Their idea was to destroy all the old-fashioned formalities, at the sacrifice of a certain stateliness which the style possessed, and to bring the scenery of an English park up to the house itself. But they were constantly haunted and harassed by the word "picturesque." Was nature more picturesque when closely followed or carefully improved? Was it the duty of the landscape gardener to arrange his clumps and belts of trees in the way in which they would look best in a picture? This was evidently Kent's idea, and Daines Barrington, speaking of him, says it was reserved for him "to realize these beautiful descriptions [in "The Faery Queen,"], for which he was peculiarly adapted by being a painter, as the true

test of perfection in a modern garden is that a landscape painter would choose it as a composition." Kent's great work seems to have been the carrying out of the alterations at Stowe, on which Bridgeman had been originally employed, and much of the beauty of those famous grounds—which, however, were at least as artificial as natural—was owing to his taste. The two peculiarities now generally associated with his name are the planting of *dead trees* to look picturesque, and the constant use of *ha-has* (or sunk fences), which he is often said to have originated, though, as matter of fact, Batty Langley also (and we think previously) advocates their adoption.* "Capability" Brown was perhaps the next most noted landscape gardener. His idea was always to improve nature, and he was particularly strong in artificial lakes and canals, with rather formal clumps of trees. He had many disciples, and it seemed as if half the fine places in England were to be reformed on the new principles.

But two formidable critics came into the field, Knight and Price. Their plan was to leave nature as much as possible to herself, to let the stream wind about as a stream should, instead of being dammed into a canal, and to allow trees to grow as they liked. Price's famous "*Essay on the Picturesque*" is still full of interest, and shows good sense in the exceptions he allows to his general rule, as, for instance, where he admits "architectural ornaments" in the garden round the house. He speaks, too, with regret of having once destroyed a beautiful old garden, "sacrificed to undulations of ground only." But he certainly seems to carry his general rule to very considerable length. He thinks that "many of the circumstances that give variety and spirit to a wild place might successfully be imitated in a dressed place;" and although he cannot advocate modelling a carriage-drive after a cart-rut, or having water-docks or thistles before one's door, he still thinks the cart-rut and the thistles might furnish useful hints. In another chapter he discusses "the connection between picturesqueness and deformity," and explains how large heaps of stones or mould may at first be considered as deformities, and afterwards appear pictur-

esque. It is impossible not to be reminded of Mrs. Rafferty's description of her garden in Miss Edgeworth's "*Absentee*": "'Yes,' she said, 'she hated everything straight; it was so formal and *unpicturesque*. Uniformity and conformity,' she observed, 'had their day, but now, thank the stars of the present day, irregularity and deformity bear the bell and have the majority.'"

Another novelist, Miss Austen, in her "*Mansfield Park*," preserves the name of Repton, who was the last of the noted landscape gardeners of the last century: "Repton, or anybody of that sort," says a certain Mr. Rushworth, "would certainly have the avenue at Sotherton down; the avenue that leads from the west front to the top of the hill, you know." And this is just what Repton would have done. He was forever cutting down avenues, and out of the five beautiful lime avenues at Cobham, which must have given such a stately appearance to the place, no less than four fell victims to his axe. The idea was of course that avenues prevented the grounds from being picturesque and natural, and Mason, in his "*English Garden*," urges "the cruel task, yet needful," of breaking "th' obdurate line" of trees, though

A chosen few, — and yet, alas ! but few, —
Of these, the old protectors of the plain
May yet be spared.

The next marked development in gardening refers more particularly to the flower-garden itself. It was between the years 1835 and 1840 that the mode which we call "bedding-out" began to come into general fashion. John Cae, who was gardener to the Duke of Bedford, and afterwards at Inverary Castle, is often said to have originated the system; but Mr. Frost, writing from Dropmore to the editor of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, says :

I helped to fill the beds here in the spring of 1823, long before Mr. Cae had charge of the Campden Hill gardens. It was Lady Grenville who began the bedding system in the first place, but she quite abhorred both ribbon and carpet bedding. The dowager Duchess of Bedford used to visit the grounds here, and much admired the garden, and when she went to Campden Hill to live she sent Mr. Cae here to see the place, and very probably to take notes of what he saw.

It would thus appear that to Lady Grenville in her Dropmore gardens the credit of being the first to bed-out may fairly belong. But some fifteen years passed before the system was generally

* Horace Walpole says that Bridgeman invented the sunk fence, "and the common people called them 'Ha! ha's!' to express their surprise at finding a sudden and unperceived check to the walks." He adds that Kent "leaped the fence, and saw that all nature was a garden."

adopted. It then grew rapidly in favor, and before long it was clear that the whole character of the English garden would be changed. One of the first plants to be bedded-out extensively was the "Tom Thumb" pelargonium, or geranium, as it was then more commonly called; it was a dwarf scarlet, and was considered to be of great beauty till the better varieties were introduced. Then followed verbenas, calceolarias, and other flowers, which could be kept as cuttings through the winter, and then be planted out when summer weather made it safe to do so. And there were many advantages in bedding-out. In large public gardens, where a glow of color only was wanted, where no one stopped to look at any particular plant, and where a certain uniformity of growth was essential, it answered extremely well. In gardens which are, as it were, the approaches of great houses, and which seem laid out rather by the architect than the gardener, the bedding-out system was both convenient in itself and striking in its effects. Nothing for instance, in its way, can be more beautiful than to look down from the long gallery at Crewe Hall upon the formal garden with its curves of variegated gravel and its thick box edging, its broad terraced walks and flights of steps, guarded by quaintly carved balustrades and strange heraldic monsters. But it hardly strikes one as a garden; it is rather an appendage to the house itself, adding to its stateliness, and recalling, by its prevailing colors of buff and blue, the old traditions of the family.

But what is all very well for public parks and very important mansions is out of place in smaller country houses, and becomes absurd in small villa gardens. However, the fashion had seized hold of gardeners and masters both, and every one must have what was called an Italian garden. But to make their Italian garden, they must do one of two things. They must either root up the old herbaceous plants, which year after year had blossomed and scented the air in the old walled garden; or they must take a piece of their lawn, and, cutting it up into segments, then plant out their nurslings of the greenhouse. It so chanced, moreover, that a few years after the new fashion came in, the duty on glass was taken off, and greenhouses, which had once been a luxury, now became a supposed necessity of life. Hence bedding-out, instead of being an expensive form of gardening, became a singularly easy and not a very

costly method of having a certain show of bright and effective coloring. But this coloring was all. In the old walled garden, instead of the plants which so long had had their home there, each of which knew its season, and claimed welcome as an old friend, there were bare beds till June, and then, when the summer was hottest, a glare of the hottest, brightest colors. But the walled garden was better than the newly-cut circles on the lawn. In the garden there would at least be the shade of one of the garden walls. In the outside Italian garden, where, with the smooth old turf, trees had been cut away, there would be no shade whatever. Nobody would really care to walk there, and probably no one would be allowed to gather flowers, for fear of spoiling the symmetry of the beds. Nor can any one feel the slightest interest about the hundred little pelargoniums in one bed, or the fifty calceolarias in the next. Each plant is exactly like its neighbor. All individuality has gone, and it is impossible to forget that some four months is the limit of their short lives, and that the next year a new "crop" of pelargoniums and calceolarias, equally without interest or character, will appear in their place. Then too the bedded-out plants are plants with no associations as regards the past. No poet ever sang their beauty, and no legend tells the origin of their birth. Again, they are almost entirely destitute of scent, and to our forefathers at least the scent of flowers was their chief attraction. Often too it is questionable whether a number of small beds cut out of the green turf really looks well; in nine cases out of ten it has a make-shift appearance; flowers were wanted, and the lawn has been sacrificed.

"Nothing," says Bacon, "is more pleasant to the eye than green grass nicely shorn,"—a sentiment which Mason, in that somewhat tiresome poem of his from which we have already quoted, has sense enough to approve —

For green is to the eye, what to the ear
Is harmony, or to the smell the rose.

But green lawns all over England were being destroyed. The flower borders, where there had been no walled garden, had hitherto generally followed the line of the shrubberies and plantations, and the windings of garden walks; but these and the flowers that grew there were now neglected.

Still worse was the effect on the smaller villa gardens. They had had their flowers

on the sunny side of the garden wall, their pleasant bit of lawn with specimen trees, their fence of scented shrubs. The trees were destroyed, the lawn was cut up; and all for the sake of red and yellow patches during four summer months. Even the cottagers in many places seem to have forgotten the old English flowers, such as grew in Perdita's garden, the "hot lavender," the marygold, and crown-imperial, and the lily, and have taken to slips of pelargonium and the like.

Nor even yet had the abuse of the bedding-out system done its worst. There were still, as we have said, in many gardens, strips of border which, not being in the form of rounded beds, were allowed, half under protest as it were, to harbor some of the old flowers. Unfortunately for them, ribbon borders were invented, and the last sanctuary of herbaceous plants was often ruthlessly destroyed. Pelargoniums again, and calceolarias with lobelias in front, and dark-leaved perillas in the background, made up the new ribbon border. It was no doubt effective enough in its way, but we have now seen it almost everywhere, and for the last fifteen years at least. Of course there are happy variations of it in great places, and where the gardener is a man of taste and ability, but it sometimes appears to us that such gardeners must be very rare exceptions. Such a ribbon border as we have described, and extremely badly grown moreover, is, or was a year or two ago, supposed to be the appropriate adornment of Shakespeare's garden at New Place in Stratford.

A further modification in the round beds has been introduced still more recently. It is the bedding-out of zonal pelargoniums, of echeverias, and of other plants, whose beauty lies in the foliage rather than the blossom. No doubt they give softer tints to the general effect, but they are a poor substitute for the varied beauty of an old garden. It may be difficult to find interest in the ordinary "bedding-out stuff," but they are poetry itself compared to plants which chiefly remind one of the last days of the garden of "The Sensitive Plant," when, instead of all odorous flowers, there were only growths,

Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many
a speck
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's
back.

And this latest fancy is itself falling into the further degradation of *carpet* bedding.

That a carpet should imitate a flower-bed is one thing; years ago in "Casa Guidi Windows," Mrs. Browning wrote of some carpets, where

your foot
Dips deep in velvet roses.

This may be well enough; but who wants flower-beds to look like carpets? They may strike you at first as being ingenious, and even pretty, but the feeling is at once followed by a sense of their essential debasement as regards gardening. No flower is permitted, and the glorification of stoncrops and houseleeks is the chief result. But indeed the geometrical figures of the carpet bedding are not the worst. The gardeners are now trying their skill in designs on their carpet beds, and names, mottoes, coats of arms, and other frivolities, are becoming common. The most stupid follies of the topiarian age were graceful and sensible compared to this. It is less childlike to trim a yew-tree into a peacock than to arrange your sedums and alternantheras to look like animals on a badly-woven carpet. Nor has the absurdity even the merit of being original. It is really an old French invention, and about the time of Henry IV. the gardens at Fontainebleau and Chantilly were known for their quaint devices in flowers, their ships, armorial bearings, and cyphers interlaced. The whole matter has been well summed up by Sir Joseph Hooker, who writes:—

It is indeed astonishing that the asters, helianthus, rudbeckias, silphiums, and numberless other fine North American plants, all so easily grown and so handsome, should be entirely neglected in English gardens, and this in favor of carpets, hearthrugs, and ribbons, forming patterns of violent colors, which, though admired for being the fashion on the lawn and borders of our gardens and grounds, would not be tolerated on the floor of a drawing-room or boudoir.

Well, as we can do nothing worse in this direction, we may at last hope for a reaction, in which a new school, with some regard to nature, but without the extravagance of the old "picturesque" gardeners, may bring us back to good taste and common sense.

It is of course absolutely impossible to form even an estimate of the number of bedding-out plants used in our gardens during a single season, to be discarded when the season ends. It must be something enormous. One single florist in the neighborhood of London sends to market annually more than eighty thousand plants

of one description of pelargonium alone. It is calculated that the bedding-out of a single good-sized garden will take at least one hundred thousand plants to make it effective.

But now, leaving the question of summer bedding-out, we are glad to note signs of real advance in other directions. It is something that within the last ten or fifteen years our gardeners should have discovered that bare earth all spring is not particularly beautiful, and should have taken to what is called spring gardening. All flowers are welcome in spring, and even masses of double daisies are acceptable. But indeed in all the most elaborate bedding-out of summer, there is nothing that can give greater pleasure for coloring than a blue lake of *Myosotis discolor*, or of autumn-sown *Nemophila insignis*. Then again, owing to our more rapid and easy intercourse with Holland and Belgium, tulips and hyacinths, which however were always in favor, are more used than they were some years ago. The quantities sent over by the gardeners of the Low Countries must be very great. Not only do the choicer bulbs go to our own nurserymen, but they are now sent direct to many private gardens; while large auction-sales in London, Liverpool, and elsewhere, clear off the inferior roots or those exported by the less well-known growers. Mr. Burbidge tells us that the value of the flower-roots sent from Holland a year or two ago was nearly 60,000*l.*, and one English grower imports annually one hundred and sixty thousand tulip bulbs. A certain proportion of these will be required for forcing-purposes for the house and the conservatory, but many more will be used in the open garden. A bed of well-grown tulips is certainly a very beautiful object, and there are some at least who believe in the rich fragrance of the tulip, which a living poet says "might be the very perfume of the sun."

Besides the spring garden, there is in some places the semi-tropical garden, and in others the Alpine garden. No one has done more than has Mr. W. Robinson to call up an interest in the broad-foliaged plants which are the chief ornament in the gardens of Paris, and in the delicate tufts of flowers which nestle in the crevices of our rockeries. But there is much still to be done. It is, after all, only occasionally that either semi-tropical or Alpine gardening is to be seen in any perfection. For the former, Battersea and Victoria Parks are extremely good, and for the latter the Messrs. Backhouse's

nursery, near York, has a deserved reputation. Many very handsome semi-tropical plants are all but hardy, and require at most only a protection during the winter months. The canna was known to Gerard and to Cowley, and needs no more care than a dahlia. The pampas grass and *Arundo conspicua* are perfectly hardy. The *Arundinaria falcata* is rather more tender, but unless it flowers, when, like the American aloe, it will die, it will generally spring up from the root, even when its long canes themselves are cut by the frost. The aralia, ricinus, and others, are no doubt safer for being housed during the winter, and then plunged, either as centres for flower-beds, or as separate shrubs in the outside garden. Nothing gives greater character to any garden than the occasional introduction of plants like these. They are now indeed all the more needed since the old plan of having orangeries has so nearly disappeared. And yet how well worth the trouble — the very little trouble — that it cost, the orangery always was! Nothing could be more stately than a broad walk, along the sides of which were ranged the orange-trees, each in its huge tub, and each fruit-bearing and flowering together. And with the orange-trees would be the white-blossoming myrtles and the *Clethra arborea*, with its scented sprays, like lily of the valley.

As regards the Alpine garden, the first thing to be remembered is, that the rock-work on which it is to be formed should look as natural as possible. Nothing can be more hideous than the usual varieties of suburban rockeries, where the intention seems to be to make everything as unnatural and distorted as can well be imagined. How well one knows the jagged fragments of red sandstone standing on end, or the blocks of various formations heaped up together, with bits of green glass, coarse coral, and big shells stuck in at different corners, and with cement between to keep all in place! The rocks used should, if possible, be the rocks of the country; they should appear to crop up from the soil; and they should be so laid that plants should really be able to grow in their fissures and interstices. Scarcely less important is the choice of a site, for if the rock-garden is placed under the drip of trees it is hopeless to expect that any of the more delicate and beautiful Alpine plants can thrive. Most ferns, on the other hand, will of course do better in moist, shady places; so that it is impossible successfully to combine the

Alpine garden and the fernery, as is very often attempted. Let the Alpine plants have sun and light, and give the ferns the cool shade in which they are most at home. Aquilegias and a few other woodland flowers may be planted in among the osmunda, the hart's-tongue, and other hardy ferns; and rare mosses and lichens may be taught to cling to the darker clefts and hollows of the rock, as in one rockery which we know, where the "shining moss" (*Schistostega pennata*) catches and refracts the sunlight with a metallic lustre, like that of the humming-bird's breast.

Bacon speaks of a "heath or desert" as a part of the garden, and says it is "to be framed as much as may be to a natural wildness." There are to be no trees there, but thickets of honeysuckle and other trailing plants, and heaps like mole-hills, set with pinks or periwinkles, or violets, or various "sweet and sightly" flowers, and on some of the heaps little bushes of juniper or rosemary, or other low-growing shrubs, are to be planted. Such a garden would hardly seem to be one of "natural wildness"; but Bacon's theory that there should be a "wild garden" is, with certain modifications, carried out in various places. But to cultivate a wild garden almost involves a paradox. The plants should grow of their own accord, and as their vagrant fancy takes them. The prettiest of all wild gardens is when the blue-bells are so thick that they seem a reflection of the sky, or the celandine lies in sunny patches on a bank, or the primrose and violet come up here and there at the foot of old forest trees. Sometimes, too, less common flowers, which have been planted years ago, and have spread as it has pleased them, give an effect of even greater beauty. We remember one large shrubbery all blue with hepaticas, and another golden with the winter aconite. Other plants, such as the anchusa or the *Petasites fragrans*, may be trusted to take care of themselves, and are well worth some half-wild corner in the "pleasance." On the other hand, it is not well to attempt to grow native plants when the conditions of their new life would be unfavorable. It is almost sad to see some bee-orchis, or grass of Parnassus, or mountain auricula, or other rare British plant, transplanted into a shrubbery border. It is far better to leave these "wildlings of nature," as Campbell calls them, in their native haunts, and to experience for oneself a new pleasure in finding them grow-

ing wild and vigorous on down, or bog, or hilly slope. Occasionally a garden flower which has sprung up from some stray seed will add a certain unexpected charm to a walk or grass-plot. Such flowers are in a sense weeds no doubt, but "weeds of glorious feature," and there are few who, like Lady Byron, — and the story is characteristic, — would at once order the gardener to uproot them. One beautiful form of semi-wild garden is where, on some piece of rich peat soil, rhododendrons have been thickly planted. There is a fine example of this at Knowsley, where thousands of large shrubs are growing in the greatest luxuriance, and where, as the slight irregularity of the ground permits, you pass between banks and slopes and hollows quite purple with the clustered blossoms.

It is of course impossible to lay down any code of rules which would be equally applicable to every garden. As we have already said, there will always be a certain amount of bedding-out necessary, especially for the architectural gardens that surround a stately house; but we may hope that in all bedding-out more attention will be given than at present to the proper harmony of colors. It really would sometimes appear that half our English gardeners must be color-blind. The gaudiest and most glaring contrasts pain instead of gratifying the eye, with their crude patches of pink and red and blue and yellow. In France the bedded-out borders have more generally a variety of plants mixed on the same bed, and this certainly tends to soften the general effect.

But both in the outside lawns and shrubberies, and in the walled inner garden, there is much room for improvement. A great principle in laying out the lawns is the old principle of Batty Langley's (a principle which he himself parodied rather than illustrated) of so arranging your grounds that everything cannot be seen at once, and that each turn of the walks excites some fresh interest. The curved lines of a shrubbery, now approaching and now receding, the grass running up into little bays and recesses among deodaras and groups of rhododendrons, specimen trees occasionally breaking a formal line, but never dotted about at regular intervals, — these are the features that lend attraction to a lawn. We would allow of no flower-bed whatever except the shrubbery border, though an occasional clump of trito-

mas, of cannas, or of pampas grass, may take the place of flowering shrubs, and start up from corners of the grass. Their height and general aspect enables them to form part of the picture. But — we cannot repeat it too often — the expanse of the lawn should be rarely broken except by shrubberies; and that the lawn itself should be carefully kept and free from weeds is of course essential.

One of the most beautiful gardens we ever knew depended almost entirely on the arrangement of its lawns and shrubberies. It had certainly been most carefully and adroitly planned, and it had every advantage in the soft climate of the west of England. The various lawns were divided by thick shrubberies, so that you wandered on from one to the other, and always came on something new. In front of these shrubberies was a large margin of flower border, always gay with the most effective plants and annuals. At one corner of the lawn a standard *Magnolia grandiflora* of great size held up its chaliced blossoms; at another a tulip-tree was laden with hundreds of yellow flowers. Here a magnificent Salisburia mocked the foliage of the maiden-hair; and here an old cedar swept the grass with its huge pendent branches. But the main breadth of each lawn was never destroyed, and past them you might see the reaches of a river, now in one aspect, and now in another. Each view was different, and each was a fresh enjoyment and surprise.

A few years ago, and we revisited the place; the "improver" had been at work, and had been good enough to open up the view. Shrubberies had disappeared, and lawns had been thrown together. The pretty peeps among the trees were gone, the long vistas had become open spaces, and you saw at a glance all that there was to be seen. Of course the herbaceous borders, which once contained numberless rare and interesting plants, had disappeared, and the lawn in front of the house was cut up into little beds of red pelargoniums, yellow calceolarias, and the rest.

But we have now to speak of the shrubbery. It will depend on its situation whether or not it is backed by forest trees, but in any case it will have a certain number of evergreens in front. To plant evergreens alone is generally a mistake. Horace Walpole says that he was "not fond of total plantations of evergreens," and he was certainly right. Shrubberies

composed entirely of holly, yew, and pinus must inevitably have a solid, heavy appearance, and their use in winter barely compensates for their melancholy monotony during the summer months. They should, wherever it is possible, have deciduous flowering shrubs planted in among them. Nothing can be prettier than to see the dark shades of the evergreens lighted up by the fresh tender green of lilac or laburnum, while, later in the season, the background of evergreen will in its turn give effect to the purple plumes and golden tresses. But there is great art in the laying out of shrubberies and the arrangement of the shrubs. There is the time of flowering to be considered, and no less the various colors of the blossoms, while (very occasionally it is true) the tints of the leaves, as they first expand, or are touched by the chills of autumn, and even the prevailing tone of bark and branches, are studied, so that there may be always some happy effect of coloring. But for the most part all this is neglected. There are very few gardeners who pay the attention they should to the shrubbery, and still fewer owners of gardens who care to interfere in the matter. A pinetum has of late years become something of a fashion, and is therefore often a subject of interest, but the shrubbery and the shrubbery border are scarcely regarded. Lilacs and laburnums, scarlet thorns, and rhododendrons are very beautiful; but to confine our flowering shrubs to these implies either want of knowledge or want of taste. There are numbers besides, perfectly hardy, or only requiring some slight protection in the winter, which are comparatively but little known. Even many old favorites have been allowed to become unfamiliar. The white and yellow broom, the Ghent azaleas (excepting perhaps the yellow one), the barberry with its bunches of golden blossom and coral fruit, the buddleia with its glaucous leaves and honied balls like tiny oranges, the Gueldres rose covered with its large white tufts of snow, the scarlet ribes with its brisk scent of black currant, are not to be seen as often as they once were. The Judas-tree (*Cercis*), whose little clusters of pink pea-blossom come out so early in the year, and the bladder-senna, whose curious, paper-like bags of seed, hanging late on in autumn, burst as you press them, with a sharp report, are still more rarely to be found. Of later introductions the Weigelia alone seems to hold its own, but the *Desfontainea spinosa*, looking like a holly,

but throwing out scarlet and yellow tubes of blossom, or the diplopappus, with its leaves like a variegated thyme, and its flowers like a minute aster, are hardly ever seen. But there are many more as good as these, though we can only mention these few.

For covering a house the large magnolia is perhaps more beautiful than anything. The perfume of its white flowers, though too strong for the house, fills the air for yards round, and comes in stray whiffs through the open window. This magnolia will flourish abundantly in most places, and if it does not, it is probably owing to its roots requiring to be cabined, cribbed, and confined. Other good shrubs for the outside of the house are the ceanothus, the escallonia, and the cydonia or *Pyrus japonica*, and these two last are well worth growing as independent shrubs. The *Pyrus japonica*, moreover, when trained as a hedge, and breaking out all along its twisted stems into knots of cherry-colored blossom, is extremely beautiful.

And in the more favored nooks of England greenhouse shrubs, such as camellias and cytisus, may be seen to flourish and flower abundantly in the open air. There is a striking example of this as far north as the Anglesea side of the Menai Straits. Thirty years ago Sir John Hay Williams determined to build a house and form a garden on a steep field sloping down to the water's edge. The excessive steepness of the ground made it necessary to construct a number of supporting walls to form terraces; and the entire plan was carried out by the owner without any professional assistance. Huge fuchsias, myrtles, the *Fabiana imbricata*, and other beautiful flowering shrubs grow up against the house, and, sheltered by a terrace-wall, are magnificent camellias and cytisus. We once saw this garden of Rhianva under rather remarkable circumstances. It was the Sunday (March 24, 1878) when the ill-fated "Eurydice" went down. The snowstorm came on, and the snowflakes fell heavily on the red and white camellias, which were then in great perfection. An hour later, and the sun was again shining, the snow was melting away, and the blossoms appeared from beneath it as fresh as if nothing had occurred.

In front of the shrubbery border should be placed strong-growing, hardy plants, which, once planted, will give no further trouble. The monkshood, with its quaint indigo blossoms, the large evening prim-

rose, whose yellow stars come out each night all through the summer, the fox-glove, which will sometimes grow eight feet high and bear from two to three hundred flowers upon a single stem, herbaceous phloxes of every variety of red and purple hue, peonies and irises, and for late autumn the old Michaelmas daisy, are among the most suitable plants for this purpose.

Passing into the walled garden, we shall probably find the northern side taken up with vineries and plant-houses, with which, however, we have nothing to do, except in so far as they supply us with any tender or half-hardy plants for our garden-beds. In front of these houses will be great borders of stocks and mignonette, scenting the air—the mignonette sweetest when the sun is strongest, and the stocks as evening falls. Broad walks and thick hedges of yew, or privet, or the tree-box divide the flower from the kitchen garden; and where the walks intersect, there may be an old-fashioned pond with aquatic plants or a fountain; and here let us say that the rarer aquatic plants might be much more grown than they are at present, and of all none is more charming than the *Aponogeton distachyon*, with its little scent-laden boats of blossom. Every available garden-wall will be covered with fruit-trees, beautiful with the pink flowers of peach and nectarine, or the white bloom of pear and cherry. Near the vineries will probably be the flower-garden, divided into small beds by narrow gravel walks, and with long strips of garden stretching down along the side of the vegetables or gooseberry bushes, so that even here there will be something of fragrance and of beauty. Even the kitchen garden itself may be so arranged as to keep the more homely kailyard out of sight. The graceful plumes of asparagus, the broad, grey leaves of the globe artichoke, the trailing luxuriance of the gourd, and above all the festoons of scarlet runners (especially when trained along strings fastened to a centre pole so as to form cones or tents) are anything but unsightly; then a corner should be found for a small herb-garden, with little patches of sage and marjoram, and thyme and mint and fennel. There should be rosemary, too, and tansy for Easter Sunday, and borage to supply a blue flowering sprig for claret-cup.

When we come to the flower-beds themselves, we have an almost infinite variety of flowers from which to choose for their adornment. In old days, when the tulip

were over, there were beds of anemones and ranunculus—and a bed of ranunculus when the sun shines full upon the scarlet petals is a glorious sight. Then came annuals and herbaceous plants. Now, as each year brings something new, and the old plants, if out of fashion, can yet generally be procured, our difficulty is the difficulty of selection.

We have already quoted Harrison's description of his Elizabethan garden, but it is of course in the old English herbals that we find the fullest account of what was grown, whether for beauty or for use. The most famous of these are "The Grete Herbal," by Peter Preveris, published in 1516, and Turner's "Herbal," with the date of 1568; but better known than either are Gerarde's "Herbal," of which the first edition appeared in 1597, and Parkinson's "*Paradisus Terrestris*," published in 1629, and dedicated to Henrietta Maria. An early chapter in Parkinson is taken up with the various edgings for "knots and trayles," and he says, "the one are living herbes, and the other are dead materials, as leade, boords, bones, tyles, etc." Among "living herbes" he mentions thrift as having been "most anciently received," lavender cotton, and slips of juniper or yew; but on the whole he recommends "French or Dutch boxe." His flowers he divides into English and "out-landish" flowers, and his list is extensive enough for a good garden of to-day. "Of daffodils," he writes, "there are almost a hundred sorts;" and his list of "tulipas," as he calls them, extends over several pages, and is at least as full as a modern nurseryman's catalogue.

Two hundred and fifty years have passed since this was written, and innumerable new varieties and species have since been introduced. To name no others, we have the annuals of California and the flowering shrubs of Japan, the heliotrope of Peru, the fuchsia of Chili, and the dahlia of Mexico. But the illustrated pages of Curtis, of Sweet, and of Loudon, will help us in our choice of flowers, whether annuals or herbaceous plants. It is impossible for us to do more than recall the names of some of the oldest favorites: and first among the flowers of the year is the Christmas rose. "I saw," quaintly says old Sir Thomas Browne's son, writing in 1664, "I saw black hellebore in flower which is white;" and certainly clusters of the large Christmas rose, especially when the slight protection of a bell-glass has been given to

them, are hardly less beautiful than the eucharis itself. Then come the snow-drops, which should be planted not only on the border, but on some bit of grass, where they may remain undisturbed till the leaves have died away. There is a delightful passage in Forbes Watson's "Flowers and Gardens" (and Ruskin himself has hardly entered into the secret life of plants more sympathetically), in which, speaking of the first snowdrop of the year, he says:—

In this solitary coming forth, which is far more beautiful when we chance to see it thus amidst the melting snow rather than on the dark bare earth, the kind little flower, however it may gladden us, seems itself to wear an aspect almost of sorrow. Yet wait another day or two till the clouds have broken and its brave hope is accomplished, and the solitary one has become a troop, and all down the garden amongst the shrubs the little white bunches are dancing gaily in the breeze. Few flowers undergo such striking change of aspect, so mournful in its early drooping, so gladsome when full blown and dancing in the sunshine.

The crocus comes next, the same crocus that once "brake like fire" at the feet of the three goddesses, whom poor Cenone saw on Ida. This should always be planted, not in thin lines, but in thick clusters, for only then can be seen the wonderful rich depths of color, which open out to the sun. Tufts of crocus, too, should spring up beneath the branches of deciduous or weeping trees, where the grass is bare in early spring, and when once planted the crocus seems to go on forever. A writer in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* says that it is known that a particular patch of white crocus has been in the same spot for above one hundred and twenty years. It is sometimes said that in course of time the yellow crocus will turn into the coarser and commoner purple crocus. This we believe is a mere fallacy, but it sometimes appears as if it were true. The fact, we take it, is that if the two varieties are placed together the stronger one will gradually get possession of the ground, and supplant the more delicate yellow, just as (as old Waterton used to say) the Hanoverian rats turned out the old brown rat of the country.

Other spring flowers are far less cultivated in great gardens than in those of less pretension; but no flowers give more pleasure, both from their own beauty, and as being among the first flowers of the year. There are the auricula, or "ba-sier" (as it is called in Lancashire ballads), with its velvet petals and its powdered

leaves; the double primrose, faint-smelling of the spring; the hepatica, whose bright little blossoms sparkle like unset gems; the pulmonaria, with blossoms half blue, half red, and milk-stained leaves, for which sacred legends can alone account. Then, above all, are the daffodils, most loved of flowers by the poets, though, once again, in preference to any poet, as less known yet admirable in their way, we will quote a few words from Forbes Watson's book. "The daffodil," he says, "is a plant which affords a most beautiful contrast, a cool watery sheet of leaves, with bright warm flowers, yellow and orange, dancing over the leaves, like meteors over a marsh." But we cannot, of course, pass in review all the flowers of the spring, though we must urge a claim for such old-fashioned plants as Solomon's seal, with its palm-like leaves, and the crown imperial, with its circlet of orange bells.

To beds of anemone, ranunculus, and tulips we have already referred, and we need not again recur to ordinary spring bedding.

The herbaceous borders of early summer become gayer still, though the individual plants are perhaps less interesting. We have now, with numberless others, the snowflake, the hairy red poppy, the valerian, mulleins of various sorts, the early gladiolus, the large flowering lupin, and, above all, lilies. The variety of lilies, all beautiful, and nearly all easily grown, is quite remarkable, and we doubt whether (comparatively at least) any flower is more neglected.

Then come roses, and we would strongly recommend that, in addition to the newer "remontant" roses, the old roses and the old way of growing them should not be quite forgotten. Standard roses are all very well, but a rose-bush, covered over with blossoms, is very often much better. Madame Rothschild is pre-eminent in beauty, but (if she will tolerate the "odorous" comparison) the old cabbage rose or moss rose has a charm of scent and of association of which their fashionable rival is entirely devoid. The old pink China or monthly rose, which flowers on from early summer to latest autumn, deserves a bed to itself. It should be trained and pegged down, as is so constantly done in Belgium and Holland, and the blue lobelia should be planted in between. A bed of the yellow briar-rose is still more beautiful, but it lasts for weeks only instead of months. Other beautiful old summer roses are the maid-

en's blush, the Portland rose, the rose unique, and the rose céleste. But no rose, taking all the good qualities of a rose together, its hardiness, free-blooming, beauty, and scent, will surpass the Gloire de Dijon, though the golden cups of Marshal Niel may be richer in color, and the fragrance of La France recalls, as no other rose does, the luscious fragrance of Oriental otto of roses.

And now, instead of ordinary bedding-out, let us suggest some garden-beds which are far more effective. One is a bed of *Lilium auratum*, with heliotrope to fill up the spaces. Another is *Agapanthus umbellatus*, surrounded by *Lobelia cardinalis*. Then there should be beds of canna, of gladiolus, of *Clematis Jackmanni* trained over withies, of zinnias, of the new hybrid begonias, and of asters. Somewhere room should be found for a row of sweet peas, and somewhere for a border of the red linum. One border may be given up to annuals, and it is no bad plan to mix the seeds of some twenty varieties, and let them grow up together as they will. The blue corn-flower should have a piece of ground to itself, and so of course should the carnations. The white pinks will already have perfumed the herbaceous border with their aromatic scent, and the sweet-William and antirrhinum will also have claimed a place. The convolvulus major should have a chance of climbing over a trellis, and the large nasturtium of trailing over a bank, and where the *Tropaeolum speciosum*, which is one of the great ornaments of the gardens at Minto and elsewhere in Scotland, can be made to flourish in our English garden, it will be found as beautiful as either.

Clumps of hollyhock, crusted over with bloom, should be planted near a sundial, or (as says the author of the well-known essay on "The Poetry of Gardening") "in a long avenue, the double and the single, not too straightly tied, backed by a dark, thick hedge of old-fashioned yew."

Sunflowers, also in clumps, should stand out here and there, and though the modern sceptics may tell us that this American plant cannot be the Clytie of Grecian story, it amply vindicates its name by its large discs, surrounded by golden rays. Tritomas should hold up their scarlet maces to the sun, among tufts of the *Arundo conspicua*, or (better still, if possible) of pampas grass. Then there should always be a bed of everlastingings of varied kinds and colors. Lastly, we must not forget to plant, for the sake

of their delicious scent, as the summer evening falls, the curious schizopetalon, and the better known mathiola, or night-scented stock.

But, besides its flowers, the garden is alive with other happy forms of life. The blackbird, as the laureate tells us, will "warble, eat, and dwell" among the espaliers, and the thrush, as Mr. Browning reminds us, "sings each song twice over," from some blossoming pear-tree. Then the bees are busy all summer long, rifling for themselves the flowers, and setting for us the fruit. "The butterflies flutter from bush to bush, and open their wings to the warm sun," and a peacock or red admiral, or, better still, a humming-bird moth, is always a welcome guest. Only the other day we heard a delightful story (we wish we were satisfied that it was a fact) of a lady who got some chrysalises of butterflies from Italy and elsewhere, and, planting in a corner of her garden the herbs and flowers in which they most delighted, had hovering around, for many weeks of summer, these beautiful, strange visitors from the south.

One great charm of a garden lies in the certainty that it will never be the same two years running. If we were only confident that each year was to be precisely like the last, it may fairly be doubted whether we could feel the same interest in our task. It is really no paradox when we say, that it is fortunate that gardening should be always more or less of a struggle, for the very struggle, as should always happen, has the element of pleasure about it. Each year there will be success on one side, if something of failure on another. And there are always difficulties enough. There are difficulties arising from bad seasons, from climate, or from soil. There are weeds that worry, and seeds that fail. There are garden pests of every variety. The mice nibble away the tulip-bulbs: the canker gets into the rosebud, and the green fly infests the rose. Wireworms destroy the roots of tender annuals, and slugs breakfast upon their sprouting leaves. Moles and birds and caterpillars have each and all their peculiar plans for vexing the gardener's heart. Then again certain plants are attacked by special diseases of their own. The gladiolus turns yellow and comes to nothing, and a parasitic fungus destroys the hollyhock. And yet, if there were no difficulties to contend against, no forethought to be exercised, no ingenuity to be displayed, no enemies to conquer, it is surely impossible that we could feel the

same pleasure and personal triumph in our success. Then, too, each year the intelligent gardener will arrange new combinations, grow new varieties of plants, and aim after a perfection which he can never hope to reach.

But the garden has no less also a scientific interest. Fresh species of plants are constantly enriching our flower-beds, and botanists are constantly searching the wildest and most remote corners of the world on behalf of the English stove-house, conservatory, and garden. They endure untold hardships, and risk many dangers, if only they may secure some new treasure. Often they have caught deadly fever, or met with fatal accidents in their search, and, true martyrs of science as they are, they pass away forgotten, except perchance when some unwonted designation of a plant may recall, not their memory indeed, but their name. But as one drops off, another will succeed; and so, among far coral islands of the Pacific, in the tropical recesses of a South American forest, in the heart of Asiatic mountains, or the unexplored mysteries of New Guinea, these lovers of nature are at work, laboring for our pleasure and instruction, and procuring for us new forms of vegetable life and beauty. And meanwhile science is working at home in another and a happier way. Not content with finding new species of plants, she is forever developing fresh varieties. The art is no new one, and in old days the simpler minds of men were not quite sure of its propriety. It was unnatural, they used to say. It is in vain that Polixenes tells Perdita that there is an art that does mend nature, and, therefore, is nature. She evidently thinks it all sophistry, and not a gilly-flower will she have.

I'll not put
The dibble in the earth to set one slip of them.
And so, too, Andrew Marvell's mower
complains of the gardener that

The pink grew then as double as his mind;
The nutriment did change the kind;
With strange perfumes he did the roses taint,
And flowers themselves were taught to paint.

He thinks it a wicked extravagance, as it certainly was, to sell a meadow for the sake of a tulip-root, and he thinks it an absurdity, as it certainly was not, that we should have brought the marvel of Peru over so many miles of ocean; but all this might be forgiven, but not the "forbidden mixtures" which grafting and

hybridizing have brought about. Meanwhile, as we are now untroubled by such scruples, we may not only enjoy the results of the art of the skilful florist, but may even take an intelligent interest in the art itself. It lets us into many secrets of nature. It helps to explain problems of much higher significance than the brief existence of a garden flower. It makes us understand, in some small degree, how, in every form of life, a higher type may be produced from one of inferior order.

And the results are really wonderful. It is difficult to know what class of plants has in late years most profited by the artful nature, or unnatural art, of the skilful gardener; but, certainly, some of the most striking successes have been among roses, clematis, begonias, and rhododendrons.

But it is not the florist only who has been helping on the cause of botanical science at home. Within the last few years the botanists, or rather perhaps the naturalists, have been increasingly busy among both the English field and garden flowers. The old botanists indeed had examined with every minuteness the structure and economy of the blossom, had counted the stamens and the pistils, and known the origin of the swelling of the seed-vessel. And what Linnaeus had systematized, Erasmus Darwin endeavored to turn into a romance. Science was to be made popular in a long didactic poem, and "The Loves of the Plants" was the curious result. But to treat the various organs of a plant as if they were human beings, and endowed with human passions, was obviously too far-fetched a conceit to give real pleasure, and it was not wonderful that Mathias, and many others, should have laughed at those, who

In sweet tetrandrian monogynian strains
Pant for a pistil in botanic pains.

And then the illustrators took the matter up, and in Thornton's "New Illustrations of the Sexual System of Linnaeus," which is perhaps one of the most beautiful botanical works ever published, we have pictures of plants with Cupid aiming a shaft at them, and with a letterpress of love-verses. Into the new system, introduced by Jussieu, and now generally adopted for purposes of classification, we need not enter. The natural system, as it is called, which is certainly the sensible system, has now held its own for many years, though the more artificial

system of Linnaeus has still its use and votaries.

The most recent investigators into botanical science are not classifying plants, but they are examining into the meaning of their structure. The mere task of description and enumeration has been done, and so they have set themselves to find out why certain structures exist, and why certain habits (if we may use the word) have been formed. Why do the climbing plants climb at all, and why do some twine, and others cling? Why do the fly-catching plants cause the death of numbers of unlucky insects? Why are the stamens and pistils in plants of such various lengths and sizes? Why have some flowers a hairy fringe, and others drops of nectar in their calyces? What is the meaning of the scent of flowers, and what is the object of the night-opening flowers? The key to many of these questions is in the relationship of flowers to insects; and Charles Darwin, Sir John Lubbock, and others, have done very much to explore and then to popularize the subject. Much that is most important has thus been made known to us, but these eminent naturalists would be the first to own that there is much more still to do. The secrets of nature open out but slowly, and after long and patient wooing. It would sometimes appear too as if there might be danger, not indeed of adapting facts to theory, but of taking it too readily for granted that all facts must eventually fit into some favorite theory. This tendency may not be so apparent in the leaders as in their less cautious disciples in these scientific researches. From some of their expressions they would almost seem to imply that insects were made for the sake of fertilizing flowers. They attribute the bright color and beauty of flowers not to the same good purpose that gives beauty elsewhere, but as if it were merely that insects may be attracted, and do their duty among the ripening pollen. They are contemptuous at the idea of a flower being intended for the selfish pleasure of man, and not for its own purposes, and they point to plants of beauty that "blush unseen" where man cannot admire them, forgetting, however, that man *has seen* them, or he would not know of their existence. They will learn nothing of the affluence of nature, and nothing is quite accepted unless its use can be established, though on this principle it is hard to explain why, as Bishop Hall pointed out long ago, "there is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the

earth, many a faire pearl laid up in the bosome of the sea, that never was seen, nor never shall be." They will not allow that there has ever been a Divine Wisdom "rejoicing in the habitable parts of his earth," even before "his delights were with the sons of men."

It is curious how apparent extremes will meet. The very men, who would most readily throw over the old theological argument of "design," which believed that everything was done in the most perfect way for the most perfect ends, will now in the interests of evolution show the necessity of each curve of a flower-cup, and for each marking on a petal. We cannot be too thankful to them, if only they will make their ground sure at every step, but it will not do to generalize too rapidly. For instance, we saw it stated the other day that veins on a flower were probably guides to lead insects down into the honey-cup below, and that night-blown flowers were without them, because at night they would be invisible and useless. Unfortunately it has since been shown that the *Enothera taraxicifolia*, and probably other night-flowers are deeply marked with veins. Again, why in some cherry-blossoms is the pistil longer than the stamens, so that the fertilization must be effected differently to what it is in the more ordinary varieties, where the stamens and pistils are of equal length? Why have blossoms gradually developed properties to attract insects, when it is obvious that those properties were not originally required for the perpetuation of the species? Why should some flowers of magnificent size, like the magnolia, require scent to attract insects, if we must indeed admit that use and not pleasure is the end and aim of every attraction of the garden? And if scent is necessary in this case, why is it not so where the flower is small and insignificant? Why among roses has La France a delicious perfume, and Baroness Rothschild none?

But such questionings are inevitable as yet: meanwhile facts are accumulating, and the whole truth, thanks to the patient and laborious workers of our time, may one day be known.

But quite apart from scientific interests, a real old garden, unaltered and unspoiled, has a peculiar interest of its own. It is sure to be haunted by associations, and nothing calls up associations so quickly and certainly as a sudden scent of flowers coming and going upon

the summer air. Time and change may have been busy since some long-absent member of the family has revisited his old home, but the flowers and their fragrance, still the same as ever, will call up all the past. There is the corner where the first violets were always found; there is the rosebush from which a flower may once have been gathered, of which the poor faded petals still remain; there is the lavender, which supplied the oaken presses where the house-linen was always kept. And, apart from all such fond and foolish private memories, there are all the associations with which literature has consecrated the old garden flowers. Pelargoniums, calceolarias, verbenas, and the rest of the new-comers have but few friends, but not an old flower but is "loaded with a thought," as Emerson says of the asters on the slopes at Concord. Roses, lilies, violets, primroses, and daffodils, have been written about over and over again, and the words of great poets rise unbidden to the memory at sight of them. And then certain flowers will recall an entire scene, and Marguerite asks her fate from the large white daisy whose name she bears, or Corisande, in her garden of every perfume, gathers—but not for herself—her choicest rose.

While a garden owes so much to the poet's pen, it is strange that it should owe comparatively little to the artist's brush. Who can recall a single picture of gardens or of flowers that ever gave him any great amount of pleasure. Is Watteau an exception? But it is the figures in the foreground, not the garden, for which one really cares. And of flower-painters, there are Van Huysum and the Dutchmen, with their piles and masses of blossom, of large size, but generally of dull color, and without light or warmth about them. Then there are our English flower-painters; with some the flowers are only subsidiary to the picture, and they seem to have adopted Gilpin's advice that

by a nice representation of such trifles, he [the painter] would be esteemed puerile and pedantic. Fern-leaves perhaps, or dock, if his piece be large, he might descend to imitate; but if he wanted a few touches of red or blue or yellow, to enliven and enrich any particular spot on his foreground, instead of aiming at the exact representation of any natural plant, he will more judiciously give the tint he wants in a few random general touches of something like nature, and leave the spectator, if he please, to find out a resemblance. Botanical precision may please us in the flower-pieces of Van Huysum, but it would be paltry

and affected in the landscapes of Claude or Salvator.

But even when the flower or plant is something better than a "touch" of color, there is often some gross carelessness, or ignorance, which gives a sense of annoyance rather than pleasure. Each returning year, the *Gardeners' Chronicle* reviews the Royal Academy from a botanical point of view, and nothing can be droller than the blunders it points out. Sometimes all sorts of flowers of various seasons are growing together, or a wood, through which a knight is riding, is adorned with agarics and fungi that belong to different periods of the year. Sometimes places, no less than times, are set at nought, as in an instance quoted by Mr. Rossetti from the Exhibition of 1868, where a Greek maiden is gathering blossoms from a pot of (American) azaleas. But, indeed, such instances are only too common. In how many modern classical pictures, for example, has not the large sunflower of America been introduced? But when the flower itself is one important part of the picture, how curiously unsatisfactory is too often the result! No one has tried more earnestly to set our painters right in these matters than Mr. Ruskin, and how little even now have they profited by his teaching! They catch hold of a suggestion, as when he once told them (*showed* them, we might say) that a spray of pink apple-blossom against a blue sky was beautiful, and the next exhibition or two abounded in blossoming apple-booughs: but they seem unable to grasp a principle. It was in 1851, in his tract on "Pre-Raphaelitism," that he urged the painting of "the heather as it grows, and the foxglove and the harebell as they nestle in the clefts of the rocks," and this very year, while speaking of the same artist, Mr. Hunt, he has had to repeat the same lesson, that plants that grow are pleasanter objects than flowers that are gathered. And, indeed, the reason is not far to seek. A bunch of garden roses thrown carelessly down upon a mossy bank—and there is scarcely an exhibition without one—not only gives one a feeling of incongruity (as though the fashionable flowers were out at a picnic), but a stronger feeling still of coming death. We know those roses must wither and die, almost, we fancy, as we look upon them. No dew that falls can now keep them alive, as it will the humble moss—so much better than they—on which they rest. And it is almost worse when the poor, gathered flowers are

brought indoors and placed in some blue jar or Salviati vase, and the artist shows how carefully he can draw, not so much the petals of the flowers, as the texture of the porcelain or the iridescence of the glass. It is difficult enough worthily to paint the light and glow of color in any beautiful flower, but, if it is to be painted, let it be when the plant is still growing, and as it grows. Any garden will give subjects enough, if they are only sought for. Here is a bank of daffodils; here the white narcissus and the red anemone have formed a group; here a blue forget-me-not looks up into the bell of the snake's-head fritillary; here is a great peony bowed down with its crimson globes; here a nasturtium trails its bright yellow blossoms along a bit of grey old rock; here a cluster of hollyhocks keeps watch by a garden walk; here the purple clematis clings to the orchard hedge. Pictures of flowers such as these, if only the artist have some sense of color and some refinement of taste, would give a real and almost a new pleasure to us all.

But there must be no artistic grouping, or representing of things as they should be, rather than as they are. The work must be conscientious, as in the case of a great living sculptor who, having to carve an ivy-plant upon a tablet, went himself to study the form of growing ivy, and found how entirely different it is from the conventional wreaths of the ordinary marble-mason.

There is one question in connection with English horticulture, to which at first sight it does not seem quite easy to give a satisfactory answer. Are the flower-shows, the number of which is constantly increasing, an advantage or not? They certainly stimulate the production of magnificent fruit, of beautiful florist-flowers, and of handsome stove and greenhouse plants. But how do they affect the gardens in which these prize specimens are grown? It is mere matter of fact that, when a gardener begins to think of exhibiting, he is very apt to pay undue attention to the plants which will secure him prizes and reputation. If his master is satisfied with the usual monotony of garden-beds, why should the gardener give special attention to what can be of no service to himself? So he throws his whole strength into some bunches of grapes, some dozen roses, some trained chrysanthemums. And this is not the worst of it. The "dressing" of particular blooms has recently become an art, and little curling-irons are em-

ployed to get petals into their proper shape, and other various devices are used for various flowers. But there is after all a morality in these things. It is allowable to cut away superfluous petals, but it is not allowable to insert fragments of another blossom. This seems to be the limit. Now we confess the whole system seems to us thoroughly bad, and we recommend the managers of flower-shows to forbid "dressing" of every kind. If not exactly dishonest in itself, it leads on, and very easily, to the worst forms of dishonesty. But, indeed, in almost every aspect, nothing can be more spoiling to the gardener than these flower-shows so constantly are. In the first place, the prize-ticket generally asserts that the prize is adjudged to "Mr. —, gardener to —." The owner of the garden is nobody, and the gardener is everything. The prize is in almost every case regarded as the unchallenged property of the gardener, who has, nevertheless, won the prize by his master's plant, reared at his master's expense, and at the cost of time which has made him too frequently neglect much more important matters.

Is it any wonder if horticulture in its best sense—that is, the culture of the garden as a whole—is not what it should be? No gardener can get prizes for well-kept beds, for effects of harmonious coloring, for arrangement of shrubberies, for the grouping of herbaceous plants. He is tempted for the sake of a single specimen to sacrifice the beauty of a whole plant or the clusters of an entire fruit-tree. That it is most important for nurserymen to be able to compare new species, or new varieties of old species, is of course undeniable. That our ordinary flower-show is for the ordinary spectator an extremely pretty sight is no less certain. But we are satisfied that in the majority of cases it is the wiser course for any one who really cares about his garden, and would rather have a succession of well-cultured flowers than some merely exceptional success, to discourage his gardener from exhibiting.

In conclusion, we can only repeat that "the English flower-garden" may afford far greater pleasure than it does at present. We must learn to look on plants, not as mere points of color, but as old friends on whose coming we can rely, and who, returning with the recurring seasons, bring back with them pleasant memories of past years. And if, as often happens, they are plants consecrated by song or legend, the imagination is quickened, as

surely as the heart is stirred. We must remember, too, that our personal delight in a garden is entirely independent of its size or the perfection of its appliances. A child's garden, such as Mary Howitt once described, a few pots of musk or mignonette on the window-ledge of a schoolboy's study, will afford a pleasure which acres of garden, left only to the gardener's care, can never give. "How can I care for this garden? It is so much too large to care about"—a lady, who owns one of the famous gardens in the north of England, once said to us; and it was impossible not to appreciate the difficulty.

Indeed, as with everything else, the garden will soon grow dull, and the flowers lose their attraction, unless we take the management, partly at least, into our own hands, and be masters not in name but in reality. It is not necessary to understand every matter of detail, though our interest will strengthen as our practical knowledge grows. But at least we may make up our minds as to what we want to have done, and then take care that the gardener carries out our orders. We are too often the absolute slaves of our gardeners, and they in turn (of course we are not speaking of exceptions) are too often the slaves of an unintelligent routine. We have learnt, as Bacon said, "to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection." It is really about time that we learnt the more difficult lesson.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
BUSH-LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.

XXI.

PREPARING FOR THE VERING MEETING.

—EMIN BEY.—FITZGERALD'S SYDNEY ADVENTURE.

STONE's stay at Mr. Gray's station this time was productive of many results. In the first place, he arranged with his future father-in-law to stock the newly discovered country as soon as possible. His own marriage was to take place in a couple of months' time, and he had promised Bessie a short trip down to Sydney afterwards, to which she looked forward with excited delight. Fitzgerald had also been much oftener at Betyammo since the explorer's return than for some time previously; and on returning to Ungahrun he frequently expatiated on the happiness

of the little party at Mr. Gray's to John, and sometimes he wondered, musingly, why it was that Phœbe refused all offers of marriage. He thought she was far more suitable for a wife than wild, merry Bessie. He evidently liked riding over to Betyammo very much more than formerly, whatever was the cause.

Stone's description of the country, and of its probable future value, had weighed so strongly with Fitzgerald, that, on his representations, his father had bought a run from one of the explorer's companions. This, while it adjoined the fine downs country belonging to Mr. Gray and Stone, was, he thought, although of a poorer character, more suited as a cattle station, from its being timbered and better watered; and it was proposed that John should go up in charge of the cattle to stock it, as a managing partner. The money saved from the wreck which Cosgrove and M'Duff had made of his inheritance, together with his salary since he joined Fitzgerald, formed part of the investing money; and his kind friends gave him liberal terms, and plenty of time to pay off the rest. This was too good an offer to be neglected; and the belief that the station would soon double its value, with the rapidly increasing population of the colony, once more restored his fervent hopes of success in life.

All went merrily, therefore, after Stone's return. Sometimes some of the girls of the neighborhood, of whom there were not many, would gather at Betyammo, around the bride-elect, excitedly interested in the coming event; and then it curiously happened that a number of gentlemen found that business of importance called them there also, and picnics, junketings of all kinds, and riding-parties were the inevitable consequences.

Great doings were looked forward to at the forthcoming races. The little township of Yering was the headquarters of a very well supported racing-club, and the squatters and landowners round about had much pride in boasting that the liberal prizes offered at their meeting had the effect of attracting first-class cracks from Randwick and Homebush.* At the race-ball, which took place there, all the beauty of the district delighted to meet, and it was arranged that this should be Bessie's last public appearance before her marriage. The Ungahrun people had also much interest in the coming struggle.

Fitzgerald had long had a notion that

his black horse was possessed of a great turn of speed, and John had determined to test his merits thoroughly. With this view he had entered him for the Yering cup, and another race or two to be contested for at the same time.

The meeting was fast approaching, and every morning at earliest dawn John might be seen with his enthusiastic assistant Tommy, as they gave the animal his morning gallop on a nice level bit of plain just outside the paddock.

"Emin Bey"—for so John had christened him, after one of his heroes, the bold Mameluke, who leaped his charger over the blood-stained walls of the Cairo citadel, to the dizzy plain below—was really a noble creature. His head showed, in the deep cheek, wide forehead and throat, full, soft eye, long, delicate ears, and general leanness, the unmistakable traces of his sire's Eastern origin. Long-bodied but short-backed, with round, well-sprung barrel and powerful hindquarters, the veins standing out like network on his shiny satin-like skin, his appearance justified their faith in him. He was perhaps a trifle loose in the couplings, but that, at any rate, was no bar to his travelling qualities; and a glance at the muscular forearms, short, clean cannon-bones, broad, flat hocks, and long, lathy, yet iron-sinewed pasterns, assured them that the freedom from work which he had hitherto enjoyed, had materially assisted in developing those powers on which rested their hopes.

Watch him as he stands there, trembling all over with excitement, every nerve quivering; the beautiful creature knows that in another instant he will be eating up the morning air as he tears his lightening path through it.

Tommy mounts lightly, for John has grown much too heavy. Off—away he flies! see how the supple back curves with every stride! He is like a huge greyhound. Here he comes! John times him as he arrives. If he does equally well on Yering course, it will take a good horse to beat him.

Ralf Cosgrove has also an interest in the Yering meeting this year of no common order. His demands upon Messrs. Bond and Foreclose during the last two years had been so heavy, that his infuriated father had peremptorily forbidden them to advance one shilling more, and Ralf's affairs looked desperate. Surrounded on all sides by men who understood the art of plucking, in its nicest sense, he could not exist without money.

* Noted race-courses in New South Wales.

Once that failed, his importance went with it—for Ralf, with all the will in the world, was not possessed of sufficient skill to turn hawk himself. He owed money everywhere. Creditors began to dun him, and at last, at the instigation of his evil genius Cane, he drew a cheque on the station agents, which he signed in imitation of M'Duff's crooked, twig-like characters. It was a capital imitation, and so easy,—the two young men roared at the perfect resemblance. Ralf found no difficulty in writing off one after another of them, and it answered well, for Messrs. Bond and Foreclose paid them without scruple. Once more afloat, his usual recklessness returned, until the breakdown of the favorite on Randwick again upset his equilibrium.

He and Cane had some time previously purchased between them a well known Sydney horse, whose performances, although a shade too slow to secure him first-class honors on the metropolitan turf, were nevertheless considerably better than those of any horse he might expect to contend against at an up-country meeting, and the animal had been bought chiefly with the view of entering him for the coming Yering races.

Ralf was well acquainted with the capabilities of the various horses in the district; indeed there was only one to fear,—a horse belonging to the Bindarobina station, brought out and raced at the expense of the shareholders in that concern by its aristocratic superintendent.

Cosgrove's affairs were so desperate now that a desperate effort was required to set them straight. To meet the Randwick losses Ralf had been again necessitated to use M'Duff's name—this time to a set of bills which his creditors held in security, the first of them being due a short time after the Yering meeting. Accordingly they resolved to risk all upon the success of their horse.

He couldn't fail. They would take every precaution. The Yering people knew nothing of the thousand and one dodges of the great courses, and Cane and he had not served a long apprenticeship to the craft without profiting by it.

The affairs of the former worthy were quite as desperate as those of his patron. His brutal, domineering vulgarity had made him hated by those whose interests it had formerly been to cultivate his company. Insolent and overbearing, his own proper "crowd" detested him. During the last twelvemonths he had given himself greatly up to drink, which had by no

means improved him; and although he had made a cat's-paw of his friend in the matter of forgery, he would not have hesitated in entering upon any desperate attempt to possess himself of funds.

It was at this stage of their history that they started up to Brisbane, and thence made their way to Yering township, with their confidential following of "jock" and stable-helps. Here they took up their residence for the time being, much courted and flattered by Mr. Sub-Inspector Dowlan, who felt it quite an honor to walk about with such well-known turfites, and whose cordial sympathy and co-operation they had bought, by taking him, to a certain extent, into their counsels. To his disparaging shrugging of the shoulders and contemptuous nodding of the head they were obliged for much long odds laid against their horse by the confiding sheep and cattle men of the district, who all "knew Dowlan." He was a real good fellow, and would give them the straight tip. He managed, however, to back the Sydney crack quietly, right and left; and as the Bindarobina horse was the favorite of the district, he found not a few takers.

About a fortnight before the races came off, Fitzgerald was called to Sydney to confer on urgent business with his father. It was rather annoying to miss the fun which all looked forward to at Bessie's wedding, and he had also grown much interested in the success of his horse; but it could not be helped. The days spent in Sydney were to him a very weariness of the flesh. He had no sympathies in common with the office, and general pen-and-ink style of men who swarm in every city, and there were but few bushmen in town at this time of the year.

His father and mother occupied a beautiful residence at Pott's Point, looking out on the sea. A charming garden, laid out in terraces decorated with statues, fountains, and shady bowers, ran down to a snug little yacht anchorage, in which a trim, rakish-looking cutter, with an immense tapering mast, rode securely at anchor,—for Mr. Fitzgerald, senior, although stiff and well up in years, still retained that love of out-door amusements which had ever characterized him.

From the marble-pillared verandah on one side a full view could be had of the harbor right up to the head; and it was a glorious sight, when blowing fresh, to watch the white horses rearing their watery crests as they charged madly into the very heart of the city. On the other side of the house a not less beautiful

scene met the gaze. The broad expanse of Wooloomooloo Bay ran into the town in the shape of a crescent, of which Pott's Point and another beautiful promontory formed the horns, while still further over lay another yet more lovely little cove, surrounded by the enchanting Botanical Gardens and the pleasure-grounds, from amid which the castellated towers of Government House looked down upon Garden Island, the little island-tower of Fort Denison, and the men-of-war at anchor. On the opposite side of the harbor could be seen the north shore, dotted with handsome villas and gardens, Neutral Bay, and the dark-timbered eminences stretching away towards Middle Harbor. Hundreds of ships lay at anchor; steamers came and went; yachts glided, fairy-like, in and out of the most beautiful nooks, or tacked about with their freight of pleasure-seekers; and a multitude of smaller craft covered the water.

Any man might have enjoyed a stay in such a home, fitted with every comfort, and encircled by troops of friends, but Willie Fitzgerald's tastes did not lie that way. He would not have exchanged one hour of the free, healthy, bush-life for a month of Sydney's delights and dissipations. Obliged by business to stay a certain period in town, he found time hang very heavy on his hands. He wandered into his club and read the papers listlessly, and wandered out again. Sometimes he would stroll along George Street to the "Royal," in the hope of catching a stray bushman down on business like himself, but at this time of the year the city was always bare of that lively class. He had, in desperation, commenced a flirtation with one of the fascinating damsels belonging to the bar of that much-frequented establishment, when a trivial event completely changed his thoughts, and gave a new impetus to his existence.

Calling late in the afternoon to pay a farewell visit at the house of a gentleman, with whom, in the course of his business, he had become acquainted, he was shown into a large and tastefully-furnished drawing-room. The chairs, ottomans, and sofas, etc., as well as the window-hangings, were in amber satin. The floor was of inlaid Zürich-wood tiles, of particularly fine manufacture, and arranged in carefully-chosen colors. Articles of *virtu* of all kinds, Parian marble statues, ormolu clocks, antique vases, ivory carvings, Chinese embroidery, old china, and a thousand and one expensive

and useless articles of the Western and Eastern worlds, lay scattered about. An immense window, looking out upon the sheltered cove and the Botanical Gardens, occupied nearly all of one side of the room, the beautiful view being reproduced in huge mirrors, skilfully arranged with that design, on the opposite side. Large plate-glass folding-doors led into a spacious and elegantly-fitted-up conservatory, on the third side, the pillared supporters of its roof being twined round with graceful and rare creepers. This tropical display of broad-leaved plants and glorious flowering creepers and shrubs was also made, by an ingenious adjustment of mirrors, to multiply its beauties. A few choice landscapes, in oil and water colors, adorned here and there the harmoniously papered walls, while the ceiling was toned and decorated to match the rest of the apartment.

As Fitzgerald entered, his eye fell upon the figure of a lady standing near the window, gazing upon the calm, glassy sea and dark Norfolk pines of the gardens. The flood of evening sunset bathed her figure in light, and, reflected by the mirrored walls, caused the room to shine in a perfect blaze of warm, golden light. So deep had been her preoccupation of mind that she did not hear the announcement of his name, and continued her meditations. As Fitzgerald approached he became aware that she was much younger than the lady he had called upon, although her back was as yet turned to him. The figure, though not exactly tall, carried with it an idea of height. The form was exceedingly graceful; and the attitude of pensive thought, as she leaned slightly upon a marble pillar of the window, contrasted strongly, as did her dark, quiet dress, with the gorgeous richness of her surroundings.

A premonitory hem from Fitzgerald drew her attention towards him, and as she turned round her great beauty became apparent. The contour of the head was of a purely Grecian type. Large masses of brown hair were done up simply, and formed a great shining knot behind. Her eyes were full and large, and rather oblong, the soft brown pupils relieved by the china-like purity of the white. A delicate bewitching nose, and a pair of arch lips, which ceaselessly formed themselves into those enchanting curves, so common in childhood and so rare in after life, together with rows of little pearly teeth, and a rounded chin in which lurked a roguish dimple, ever and

anon appearing to hide itself as quickly, completed an oval face of a loveliness never before observed by the squatter, who stood bewildered.

With perfect self-possession, but quietly, and with a modest, maiden-like grace, the young girl received the stranger, and explained that the lady to whom he was desirous of paying his respects was from home, but would shortly return; and Fitzgerald, more and more struck with the sweet, sad expression of the features, and the composed manner of his entertainer, took advantage of the opportunity to prolong his visit and improve his acquaintance. Her conversation had no less charm for him than her beauty. She spoke of England and its scenery as compared with that of Australia, until Fitzgerald thought it the most delightful place in the world. She praised the beauty of the scene before them, and it instantly acquired tenfold more loveliness than he had noticed in it before. She spoke of Tennyson, and Browning, and Longfellow, and poor Willie Fitzgerald felt himself on unknown ground, and mentally resolved to give up several hours each day to their study. An hour flew past. It was time to go, but he could not wrench himself away. The long, dark lashes which fringed the expressive eyes rested on a cheek on which the rich color, mantling through the dark yet transparent skin, came and went with every emotion. Willie Fitzgerald had discovered a new world in the calm, dark depths hidden by those drooping lashes.

The lady not arriving, he was at last obliged, for very shame's sake, to rise and take his departure.

His mind dwelt upon the dark beauty of the young girl he had left. He could not rest. Who was she? What was her name? Why was it that he only met her on the very last day of his stay in town? He had hated Sydney, and longed for his bush home. Now he would have given the world to stay.

What an ass he had been! Invited over and over again to visit the house he had just left, he had put off doing so until the last moment, and had thrown away chance after chance of seeing the being whom of all others he felt he loved most. He had only seen her for an hour. He would think of her no more. He sought out his old haunts, but could find no peace.

The sad, quiet face with the expressive eyes haunted him. He returned to the house that night, and several times was on the point of ringing the bell and mak-

ing a second visit, but felt that they would think it strange in him doing so, and he wound up by walking up and down in front of her window. He had to leave next morning early, and did not even know her name. He started once more into town, and searched among the men at the club for one who could give him information on the subject nearest his heart, but without success for some time.

At last one who had overheard him making inquiries remarked, carelessly, "Oh, you mean that pretty, quiet-looking girl at Mrs. Berkeley's? She is, I think, some relative of hers. She is a Miss Bouvierie, and has only lately come to Sydney."

That was all he learned about one who had made a stronger impression on him than any one ever had done before; and when next morning he stood on the deck of the steamer gazing at Mrs. Berkeley's fast-receding mansion, he felt he had left his heart behind him.

XXII.

BUSH HOSPITALITY.—THE MAN-TRAP:— A DANCE IN A WOOL-SHED.—THE RACE-BALL.

WHILE at Yering township, Ralf thought proper to take a run over to Cambaranga, to see old M'Duff, and discover if possible whether or not any intimation of the free use which had been made of his name had as yet reached him.

He found the old superintendent raging. His Sydney letters had that day brought him the intelligence; and so much put out was he about the circumstance, that had it not been for the expected visit of a gold-fields' butcher, who was desirous of buying a large number of fat wethers, he would have started down to town at once.

Ralf's heart quaked when he saw the fearful rage and determined anger of the man who had law on his side. He did not dare to think of what might happen should his plans fail, and his bills presented and left unpaid. He rejoiced that no suspicion of his guilt had crossed old M'Duff's mind, and he hastened back to Yering, more resolved than ever to effect a success, whatever the cost might be.

About a week before the eventful day, John had sent Emin Bey, under the careful charge of Tommy, to a station within a couple of miles of Yering. It was owned by a jolly, bluff, hearty squatter, with a great taste for field-sports of all kinds. His motherly wife, and a large

family of sons and daughters, contributed to keep up the reputation which the hospitable establishment had earned for itself, even in this land of unlimited hospitality, and an invitation had been sent to the Betyammo people, together with those at Ungahrun and Mosquito Creek, begging them to make "Oorgootoolah" their home during the race-week.

The Betyammo station seemed the acknowledged rendezvous of all living in that part of the district; and three days before the festival commenced, a large party, who had mustered there, and who, to tell the truth, had been holding a small carnival of kangaroo-hunting, impromptu racing, dancing, croquet, and picnics (the excuse, of course, being Bessie's approaching wedding), set out on horseback for Oorgootoolah. Mr. Gray and his wife, indeed, travelled in the buggy, but the younger members of the joyous band preferred the more exciting mode. Much laughing and amusement whiled the time away. The gentlemen rode their finest steeds, and many a one felt a gush of everlasting gratitude, as the hot or wicked-tempered creature under him gave him an opportunity of displaying before the bright though rather critical eyes of the admiring ladies, the art he especially plumed himself on.

A merry, laughing throng, they arrived in a body at Oorgootoolah, where the hearty old squatter, with his stalwart sons and bouncing, fresh, happy-faced daughters, received them heartily.

The house was not a large one, and under ordinary circumstances the family were quite sufficient to fill it; but, "God bless me!" cries the large-hearted squatter, "it's made of elastic. There's room for any amount more." Mr. and Mrs. Gray are accommodated with a chamber, the daughters run off, laughing and whispering, with Phœbe, Bessie, and the other girls, to some mysterious quarters in the friendly old house; and the men, after turning their horses into the paddock, carry their saddles and valises into a large store prepared for their reception. There is room here for fifty, rolled up on the floor; and should that fail them, there are no end of other places; or the bush, as a fall-back, where, indeed, some of them prefer camping as it is.

John found his horse thriving well under Tommy, who is so careful of him that he will not leave him day or night.

"You see, sir," he explains, "there are no end of loafing vagabonds about that 'ere Yering; who knows but what some

of 'em might take it into their heads to get at him?"

"Not much fear of that, Tommy," said John. "Go into the town, my lad, and look about you: the horse is a dark one; no one but ourselves knows anything of what he can do." But Tommy preferred staying with his idol.

"No, no; he wouldn't give any one the chance."

John took a ride in during the course of the day, and found the little place in great excitement. Men from all parts of the district were congregated together, spending money recklessly, and the usual scenes were occurring. He had hardly got off his horse at the door of the hotel, when Dowlan came up to him, in an unusually friendly manner, and offering his hand, winked knowingly. "I say, West" (whispers this in John's ear), "I can put you up to the right thing this time, — give you the straight tip, old man."

John, who detested Dowlan, coolly walked past him. He had learned to despise the man's venality during the period of his sheep disasters. At that time Dowlan, who, with the district in common, had learned the story, and who had formerly been a trusted ally of simple-hearted John, had mortally wounded him by cutting him sedulously in public. It was beneath the dignity of the sub-inspector to know a man who "had had losses." He had crawled his way up in "the force" to his present distinguished position from obscurity; he could not tarnish his brightness by any act of disinterestedness. Since John had been taken in hand by Fitzgerald, he had steadily endeavored to propitiate his good-will, but ineffectually; and Fitzgerald himself, although not so bitter as our hero, had the lowest opinion of him as a cad.

Pocketing the affront, Dowlan once more approached and obtruded himself upon John, who was standing talking to the two Mosquito Creek squatters, offering to introduce him to Ralf and Cane. "Very intimate friends of mine," he added.

John shook his head. "Don't want to know them, thank you," he said, walking away. It was useless. Dowlan turned his attention to others. His voice, with its rich accent, could be heard among the rest, praising loudly the style and action of the Bindarobina horse, as well as those of the district generally.

Much drinking was going on in the bar parlors, and more in the bars. The little township was afflicted with no less than

five large public houses, two of them devoted to the entertainment of the better classes; the others being patronized by the inferior grades.

Having some business at the far end of the long, straggling street—the only one the place could boast of—he had occasion to pass one of these, the Bushman's Arms, when he heard his name shouted out two or three times in a half-drunk tone, and looking up, he saw his old friend Graham, the Cambaranga overseer, standing on the verandah, which was raised on piles some distance above the ground, swaying unsteadily with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other. Two or three dirty-looking fellows were in his company, and the bar looked pretty full of men, more or less under the influence of drink.

Old Graham had long before confided to John his history. It was a common one in Australia. Married to a respectable woman, by whom he had several children, some of them by this time nearly grown up, he was compelled to leave a good situation in the vicinity of a large town, owing to the cursed habit of drinking which he had acquired. A loving husband and a kind father when sober, he became a madman when drunk. Once "on the burst," as he phrased it, money, horses, cows, furniture, even his wife's wearing apparel, went to feed the insatiable and cruel demon who possessed him; and his poor wife, after hard struggling, and battling bravely with her shame and misery, had, for her children's sake, to insist upon his departure.

Being a first-class sheep overseer, and when away from liquor a highly trustworthy man, he easily got a situation on a station, where, having no opportunities of gratifying his propensity, he was soon able to remit some money to those whom he dearly loved, yet whose blight the cursed habit had made him. He had essayed several times to pay a visit to his loved ones since his banishment, but in vain. The first public house he came to proved a man-trap which never failed to ensnare the unhappy man, who spent a wild, delirious week of excitement, to awaken to a weakened frame and an agonized paroxysm of remorse, compared with which his other sufferings were as nothing. Moneyless and on foot, with trembling limbs and nerves, gazing fearfully around him at the dreadful forms stealthily tracking him up, or the gibbering faces, mowing and grinning behind every bush and seated on every tree, he

would creep back, abased, wrecked, and shorn of his self-esteem, to commence afresh in desperation, develop afresh into good resolutions, strengthen afresh into firm determination, and succumb at last to the devilish wiles of the soul and body destroyers, who neglected no device to lure him into their nets.

Many were the plans formed by poor old Graham to elude his tempters and succeed in reaching a town. Having, after steady, laborious work, once more amassed a good round sum, he would again plan his hitherto unaccomplished home journey. He would travel through the bush. He would not go along the road. He would not even suffer his eyes to rest on the building containing the liquor which exercised its fearful influence so terribly. Night and day, as the hour of his departure drew nearer, he would scheme and plot. He yearned for home. He purchased his presents for the dear ones over and over again in thought. He even contemplated remaining with them altogether—for, indeed, if he could resist these public houses on his way down, might he not fairly claim to be reformed? And yet, when the day of settlement came, he would indignantly reject the offer of a cheque payable only in Sydney, where his family lived. That was an insult to him. He could surely take care of the money himself. He wanted to buy some things on the road. Already he felt excited as he prepared for his start. Already his stomach began to burn and gnaw. Already the evil spirit dwelling in that swept and garnished habitation had roused up his seven sleeping brethren, more cunning and devilishly malicious than himself, and who, rushing to their respective posts, stir the senses with insidious suggestions and imaginings. And the great fiend, their master, seizing the opportunity, would (inciting his willing slave by the equally accursed love of money) cause him to employ one of the many devices of which, alas! the poor victim was not even ignorant, so barefaced were they, to upset the firmly formed resolutions, and drag him once more, capering in senile folly, to the mouth of the yawning pit.

Managing to keep himself well informed as to the state of his client's finances, the publican would time it exactly that business required his presence in the vicinity. A few pleasant stories, and a drink or two out of the fatal bottle, invariably carried, proved sufficient—the bird was snared; the taste was in his mouth; he was

booked. Or he would profess an anxiety to see him, in order that he might settle an account which left some trifling balance to the lost one's credit; or he would give a long price for a horse; or it was some miserable, shallow pretext, through the flimsiness of which the unfortunate man could plainly detect the hellish dangers below, and yet which proved strong enough to cage his soul in iron bands.

Thus it ever happened to the poor old man. This time he had exercised a rigorous self-restraint. John had much compassion for him, and supported him to the utmost during his stay at Cambaranga; and old Graham, even now, although no longer much in his company, looked upon him as a helper and adviser.

He had been his confidant in this last great effort. For two years the old man had carefully saved. Not a drop of the poison had during that period gone over his lips, and John actually believed that age had weakened the disease.

He was aware that the old overseer intended making a visit to his family, and he earnestly begged him to allow him to forward his savings, which amounted to nearly two hundred pounds (for Graham was enabled by shrewd bargaining in horse-flesh, and strict economy, to amass yearly a large sum), to Sydney through the bank,—but no. The old fellow was obstinate on that point; he would put the money himself into his wife's hands, and telling her how he had borne it with him through the manifold temptations of the journey, he would beg her forgiveness with humility.

Accordingly he started, and the reader may imagine the pang it cost our hero when his eyes fell on the reeling form of the old man, hiccuping out gleefully in his drunken idiocy, over and over the same two lines of a senseless ballad, his grey beard and shirt-front alike stained and wet with the deleterious compound spilt by his trembling hands.

John jumped on the verandah. Perhaps he thought he might find some one among the crowd who would take the old fellow away. He was well known and very popular in the district, and was instantly assailed by a dozen different individuals, all clamorous to have a drink along with him.

"What are you going to drink, Mr. West?"

"Come along, Mr. West," another shouted; "I'm a-goin' to shout; what's yours?"

A third inebriated, long-legged, stockman-looking fellow, in boots and breeches, his cabbage-tree hat hanging far back on his head, lurched up, and with maudlin fun in his watery eyes asked,—
"Izay, yunkplo', avyou washyoneck jishmorn?"

John, who had much tact and good-humor when managing men under all circumstances, and never stood on his dignity foolishly, returned laughingly, feeling the part in question,—

"I believe I have. Does it look particularly dirty?"

"Not s'hout'shide, yunkplo'; 'shin'-shide, I mean. Comenave a b-b-b-ball."

Our hero was not a teetotaller, although a disapprover of the vice of drinking, and the men knew it. He was aware that most of them take a refusal as a direct personal insult; and accordingly, on the principle of doing in Rome as the Romans do, he agreed. "Drinks all round" are ordered for those in the room.

At the well-known sound the two or three drunken, dirty brutes surrounding old Graham came staggering in.

One of them shouting, "Belly up, boys! I'm in for this good thing," made his way to the bar to be served along with the rest, when the shouter, who was an excellent, manly fellow, although unhappily given to drink, and who despised all such loafers, roared out,—

"Clearout 'shish yo — sneaking, loafing deadheads! Cantyoget'nuff oushat poo ole — oushi?" Then turning to the barman he said, warningly, "Donco sherv nono shem spungin shentemin wimymoney, I shust warnyo."

The drink was scarcely down his throat when another rather bumptious and over-familiar style of man staggered up, pretending to be more drunk than he really was. "Issay, young 'un," he said (laying his dirty paws upon John), "will y'ave drink along o' me?"

John refused repeatedly. He didn't like the man or his impudent manner, and turned his back on him.

"You —, you're too — proud to drink with a poor man," shouted the enraged ruffian.

John, who was watching a drunken horseman forcing his steed up the steps on to the wooden verandah, on which the hoofs sounded like thunder, took no notice; but one of the crowd, turning roughly on the coarse blackguard, threatened to stuff his fist down his throat, and managed to quieten him, upon which he came up begging John's pardon, and en-

treating him once more to have a drink, which John once more refused.

All classes of laboring men crowded the building, singing and talking.

A small party of Cambaranga shepherds near John were discussing the merits of their dogs, and one of them had almost succeeded in silencing the rest, when an old grey-headed "superintendent of grass-cutters," an "old hand" broke in.

"Look hyar, matey. I don't call that ere dog o' yours anything out o' the common, you know. Now I had a dog as was a dog. I had to take a small lot o' sheep once from Jeeburrina on the Darling, about three hundred miles away to another station, all by myself, you know, and I had the dog with me. Well, when I got within a hundred miles o' home, I goes on ahead, and by-and-by the dog brings home the monkeys. Well, mates, I counts 'em. There was two short 'Spanker,' says I, 'where is the odd two, old man?' He looks at me and wags his blessed old tail, and away he slithers. In a day or two he comes back with a couple of sheepskins. *The beggar had killed them on the road for rations, and brought the skins to show it was all regular fair and square.*"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the crowd. "Good for you, Yorkey."

"Have another drink, boys," says the chuckling old hand.

Old Graham had meantime staggered into the room, and was vainly essaying to string a few words together consecutively, but the paralyzed brain and swollen tongue refused their duty. He was quite aware of John's identity; but beyond that his reason refused to carry him.

Observing among the crowd one whom he knew to be a sober man, comparatively speaking, John drew him on one side, and asked if he could manage to get the overseer away, promising to reward him liberally.

"It's a difficult job," said the man. "He has been carrying on awful for the last ten days. I was doing a job of bush-work here, and I see'd him when he first come'd up. He wouldn't touch nothing; and the publican he comes up and wishes him good-day, and talks so — politeful to him, and asks if he mightn't have the pleasure of a drink in his company. And the old un, I could see, was burning inside; but he sez, 'No! I'm agoin' home to my wife and kids this time, — first time for nigh on twelve years.'"

"Well," sez the publican, "here's suc-

cess to the journey, and the missis, and the young ones; you won't refuse that? I'll bring it out to you, — you needn't get off your horse,' he sez. And then he watched the poor old — drain it up to the last drop, and kept him yarning until it commenced a-workin' on him, and by-and-by the old fool gets off, and hitches up his horse, and goes inside.

"Well, afore night, old Graham was as drunk as ever he was in his life; and I see'd him pulling out a handful of cheques, and heerd him a-sayin' to the publican, as he handed them across the bar, 'Take care o' my money for me.' How much it was, I dunno; but it looked a good bit, and since then he hasn't been sober for an hour together. He have been a-shoutin' shampain all round for days. He'll kill hisself this time, I do believe," continued the man. "He had a bad fit of the devils last night." John hereupon arranged that the speaker should endeavor to coax Graham away, and look after him, promising him a five-pound note should he succeed in getting him sober, and wages during the time spent in recovering him, — and with a heavy heart he left the den of death.

On finishing his business, and returning up the street, he fell in with the Barham Downs super, walking, as usual, with his inseparable companion, the gentleman in charge of Bindarobina, and Dowlan. They were about visiting the Bindarobina horse, Sir Eustace; and on their invitation John proceeded with them to the stables.

Sir Eustace was in a large loose-box; and as his master undid the surcingle, and stripped the clothing off his beautiful form, he uttered a low whine of greeting, rubbing, at the same time, his soft velvet muzzle gently on the familiar shoulder. A more beautiful horse never carried jock to victory; and as the bystanders gazed at him, the conviction was impressed upon them that he "looked a winner all over." He was of a bright bay color, with a small spot of white on his forehead; standing a trifle lower in front than behind, with a grand shoulder and glorious propelling-power. His lean head bore gameness unmistakably stamped upon it.

"He's a knowing old rascal," said his doting master. "He knows quite well that he is going to race soon, and he loves it. We never require to muzzle him before the race-day. He is quite aware when the struggle is to come off, from having his racing-plates put on, getting

his mane plaited, and doing no work the previous day; and he wouldn't touch a bite for anything. What a surpriser these Sydney fellows will get! They think nothing can touch their horse. I am going to send this fellow down to Randwick next spring."

John had no idea that the horse was really so good. He had heard much talk about him, but had set a great deal down to "blowing."

"How will your horse shape alongside, West?" asked the Bindarobina man.

"Well," returned the latter, "I certainly did not expect him to have to travel in such company, I confess; but although untried, he is, I think, a good horse, and a fast one too."

"Now I'll put you three up to something," said Sir Eustace's owner, confidentially. "We're all old friends; and you, Dowlan, I know, are backing the old horse. The fact is," he continued, looking around and lowering his voice, "this fellow has been doing the same distance every morning as that Sydney horse in a couple of seconds less time, with half a stone to spare on his back—for one of my men has a chum in their stable, and I can depend on what he says."

"By Jove!" ejaculated John, "it's lucky I'm not a betting man."

Dowlan shuddered inwardly as he thought how differently his book looked now. He felt that he had been too cunning, and had over-reached himself with a vengeance. Excusing himself on the plea of duty, he hurried off to find Ralf and Cane, in order to communicate to them what he had heard.

"Don't bother yourself," said the latter worthy; "I can put that all square."

"How do you mean?" asked the sub-inspector, anxiously.

"Did you never hear of a horse going wrong?"

"Oh yes—but—"

"But I suppose you would rather lose your money than not," sneered the other.

"I don't see what is to be done."

"I'll tell you what you can do. It's customary, is it not, to station one of your men on duty at the stables the night before the races?"

"It is."

"Well, haven't you got some duffer or drunken devil you can put there to-morrow night, and leave the rest to me?"

Dowlan hesitated. He was not afraid of doing so, but he feared the consequences. Supposing anything went wrong, and his share was discovered; but

then, supposing he lost his bets? It was now too late to hedge.

"Well," he answered, "mind, I know nothing; but I'll manage that for you."

So they parted. John returned to his quarters at the hospitable station, where fun and jollity were the order of the day and night. The floor of the wool-shed had been swept clean, and the walls hung with rugs and blankets of various gay colors. Numbers of lamps occupied every available position. These were improvised for the occasion, and really looked elegant. A wide-mouthed French prune-jar of clear glass, half full of bright water, formed the stand; down the mouth of this was inserted the neck of an inverted clear glass whisky-bottle, which had been cut through the middle, and a wire fixed in the cork, which still remained in the whisky-bottle, served to sustain a wick. The inverted half of the whisky-bottle was partly filled with water and partly with strained liquid fat, which of course floated on the water and encompassed the wick. Here the whole party assembled after dinner and danced to the music of an accordion, flute, and violin, the players being members of the orchestra band, hired by the race-ball committee to perform at the great gathering next evening.

It was a thoroughly enjoyable affair, especially for the ladies, who, being much fewer in number than the gentlemen, were consequently in great request. Even the young damsels of eleven and twelve years were eagerly sought after as partners, and picked and chose among their suitors with a discriminating dignity worthy of London belles. Old and young, not even excepting Mrs. Gray, and their kind though immensely stout hostess,—none of them missed a dance; until the orchestra, fairly overcome with the joint fatigues of eating, drinking, and performing, declared that they must reserve their energies for the following evening.

The next day was spent in a somewhat similar manner to the former one by the men. The ladies, however, had much mysterious confabulation together about dresses, etc. Little knots of them were clustered here and there, discussing matters, or busily at work, until lunch-time; after which, some on horseback and others in buggies, they made their way into the township, where they settled themselves according to invitation, at various friends' houses, or at hotels, to prepare for the ball.

This being the only event of the kind

held in the district, and its occurrence being only once a year, it naturally caused great excitement. For months in advance it was anticipated, and dresses were discussed and prepared by the fair devotees of Terpsichore; and for months afterwards it served them as a theme of conversation. All the ladies of the neighborhood attended it, as well as those of the town. It was unfortunately quite impossible to keep the assembly as select as the more aristocratic of the female portion of the community would have wished, on account of their small number as compared with that of the gentlemen; and the success of the affair depending upon the largeness of the attendance, it was arranged that, as usual, one portion of the hall of the court-house in which it was held should be reserved for the "nobs," and the other part for the public generally. Still a line had to be drawn. Discrimination had to be shown somewhere. A number of Chinamen who had induced white women to participate in their joys and sorrows, had settled in the little town, and the committee were sternly severe in refusing to issue cards to the mottled population.

The much-longed-for hour arrived at last. The ladies were dressed with considerable taste, but much diversity existed in the gentlemen's toilets. Some, indeed, appeared in rigorous black; there was also a uniform or two, the resplendent owners of which never failed to secure partners; but others there were who, not having visited town for some years, had long forsaken the ceremonial evening attire, and, unwilling to miss the fun, came in white. All, however, enjoyed themselves greatly. The bar-girls, bullock-drivers' wives, and servants, kept themselves at the lower end of the room, where perhaps the dancing was of a more vigorous and less ceremonious character than that which characterized the other part, still the utmost decorum prevailed; and although some irritation was excited among the more select, owing to the despatch of two or three gentlemen, who, after supper, sought relief from the conventionalities of high life among the less fastidious classes, yet everything, on the whole, went off with much success, and the Yering race-ball and its incidents was the subject of many a fair head's thoughts as it sought its pillow for long afterwards.

John left earlier than the rest to attend to his horse. He had not much hope of securing the Yering cup since his visit

to Sir Eustace, but he nevertheless looked forward to a fair chance for the maiden plate.

XXIII.

THE RACE.—OLD GRAHAM'S FATE.

HE was astir early, and after effecting his arrangements, rode into town, followed by Tommy, leading Emin Bey in clothing.

Yering wore its gayest dress. Every one seemed on the spree; and from an early hour saddled horses in groups were hitched up to every door, or stood in stockyards awaiting their riders.

John went straight through to the race-course, which lay about two miles out of town on the other side, and soon the Bey was accommodated with a stall in the shed which ran around the saddling-paddock, among a crowd of others, closely attended by Tommy.

Rumors were flying about that the Bindarobina horse had broken down, but as yet nobody could tell anything with certainty.

Horses in clothing were being led up and down, or ridden gently by young lads, who strove hard to assume a knowing, turfy look. A few of the most enthusiastic sporting men were here and there discussing the qualities of the various competitors, or scrutinizing their appearance, or endeavoring to pick up the latest intelligence about them.

Presently the grand stand began to fill, and rumor resolves itself into certainty. Sir Eustace is unfit to run. Gone in one of his feet. Nobody knows exactly what it is. Supposed to have had a sudden strain, or given himself a knock. What a pity, thinks John, that such a noble creature should be crippled! however, it gives him a better chance, and he may yet win the cup himself.

By-and-by the inhabitants of Yering stream out in a long line,—mostly on horseback, some in buggies, and a few on foot. Who would have believed that there were so many in the little place? Even the blacks are dressed out, for the nonce, in battered old hats and tattered old garments, and hasten to join in the "white fellows'" holiday.

Mr. Gray's party have arrived in a buggy, and Bessie is wild with excitement. Phoebe also feels enthusiasm welling up within her; and although, for reasons best known to herself, she does not, like Bessie, wear Fitzgerald's colors—magenta and buff—she is quite as anxious about

the Bey's success. Stone is now down in the saddling-paddock talking with John, or some other of his friends; now at Bes-sie's side giving her information, and taking a manly pride in proclaiming to the assembled multitude the tender relationship about to exist between them.

Dowlan, who is extremely vain, takes advantage of his duty as policeman to display himself to the public, and moves about on a capering horse, smirking to the rich, and growling at the poor. The clerk of petty sessions officiates as clerk of the course. He is not much of a sportsman, and he can barely hold on to his quiet cob; but he loves to attire himself once a year in his red coat, velvet cap, boots, and breeches. This is his gal-a-day; he has no other opportunity of displaying his glories: during the rest of the year he has to content himself with occasionally donning the scarlet in his own room at night, when Yering is steeped in slumber. As he jogs past, with his toes turned out, and his elbows looking like the handles of a pitcher, his "military" seat is the theme of much jocular comment.

The upright old police magistrate, a very distinguished retired officer, is judge. The stewards bustle about with much importance.

Many of the swell-mob have found their road to this out-of-the-way meeting; and some members of the ring make themselves conspicuous, as, surrounded by a circle of constituents, note-book and pencil in hand, they shout the odds, "Two to one bar one! Two to one bar one! Take the field bar one!" and so on, in their rapid jargon. Nor have the bookmakers alone journeyed up to the carcass. Other birds of prey, in the shape of roulette-table owners, thimble-riggers, card-swindlers, and the host of other thieves who ply their calling on the various courses, are busily at work. A few of the fair sex, attended by their cavaliers, have a spurt round the course; a drunken bushman gets a spill off his horse before the crowd, near the grand stand, and is carried away with a broken collar-bone.

The Yering lawyer, who is by no means a popular individual, drives up the course in his new buggy. He leaves the horses standing in front of the grand stand, while he renews an old-standing acquaintance with "Mr. Jas. Hennessey's battle-axe;" but the horses, frightened by the unaccustomed noise, move off. Now they trot. The lawyer rushes out bareheaded, with his tumbler in his hand, shouting to

the people to stop them, but no one puts out a hand. Now they canter, with the reins trailing. In vain he runs hollaoing; they break into a gallop, which grows into desperate speed. They come to a hurdle. The crowd cheer, and roar out "Over!" They take the sticks together in gallant style; but the buggy, smashed to atoms, remains on the other side, and away they go with the pole between them. Hurray! it's only the lawyer's trap. Now a bell rings, and the jocks, with their saddles, etc., over their arms, get weighed; the horses are saddled, and the boys mounted. Once more the bell rings. Now they are led out. Look, there goes one! How the green-and-gold silk jacket shivers as the horse rushes past in his preparatory canter! Here's another. "Oh, what a darling of a horse!" cries Bes-sie, as a beautiful chestnut filly tears past, ridden by a tiny-looking child in pink and silver. Now some more go to the post. Now they are marshalled. The starter lowers his flag. Off! Away they fly,—there they speed all together. At last they round the corner and come up the straight. The tiny boy, sitting well down, his hands low, occasionally glances warily over his shoulder at his nearest rival, whose horse's head, extended to its utmost, cannot draw up farther than the handsome chestnut's girth. Hark! how the hoofs thunder for a moment as they fly past!

Hurrah! Cheers! A general relief; and as the chestnut with her rider is led a winner past the grand stand, Bes-sie feels inclined to run down and kiss the child.

"You're better where you are," gravely returns Stone. "He's a perfect young imp."

Now the excitement increases. The maiden plate is to be run for. Tommy's youngest brother, Dick, a knowing, cool little fellow, is to steer the Bey to victory if possible; and many an injunction he receives from his big brother, which he faithfully promises to observe.

The weighing is over; the little mite of a saddle is girthed on, its white web bands showing distinctly against the glossy black satin skin. Now the boy is lifted on, and John leads his horse down the course a little, watched by more than one pair of bright eyes, who take an interest in the creature for his master's sake. There he rushes past. "That's the Ungahrun horse—that's Emin Bey," is heard on all sides; and clannish Ungahrun stockmen offer to back him for all they are worth.

Ralf and Cane are also there. They do not intend to race their horse until the morrow, and are engaged at present with their books. Presently Ralf catches sight of Tommy, whom he recognizes as a servant of Fitzgerald's, and a memory comes across him. He surely knows that black horse also. He remembers him when a colt, and gets deeply interested. A sinking, foreboding feeling of evil steals over him. He has laid heavily against Emin Bey, chiefly from a feeling of dislike to Fitzgerald.

Listen! The race is an exciting one. "Emin Bey!" "Tropic!" "Antoinette!" "Emin Bey!" "Tropic!" "Emin Bey!" "Emin Bey!" "Emin B-e-e-y!" Here they come! The Ungahrun horse has freed himself from his antagonists, and wins in a canter, hard held.

Much acclamation is heard on all sides, and the Ungahrun men are jubilant over the victory of the station horse. Tommy busies himself in rubbing the Bey down, and leads him off home. The Betyammo party are in high spirits, and John is congratulated many times. A few more races are run, and all return to town. The road is a long string of galloping horses—all the Yering fair sex, like most of their sisters in Australia, caring nothing for any other pace. The buggies drive swiftly home, each escorted by two or three sportsmen.

John had observed Sir Eustace's owner and the Barham Downs super on the course, but he had then no leisure to inquire about the horse's accident. As he now rides up to the stable there is a small crowd round it. The groom is declaiming violently against some person or persons unknown: he is of opinion that his horse has been wilfully hurt, and various opinions are expressed. No one knows exactly what is wrong. It is a hurt in the foot. The noble creature lifts his foot for each one to examine it. He is shorn of his glory. How changed he looks with his piteous expression and his foot held up, shrinking from the smallest touch, from the form which he showed the day before—gallant, bold, and reckless!

"Something seems to have penetrated the foot in a downward direction from the coronet," says John; but he cannot detect an orifice or a drop of blood, yet the hoof is extremely sensitive. It is quite clear that he cannot race to-morrow; if so, and the Sydney horse wins, more money will change hands than has done so on Yering course for many a year.

John rides back to more merry-making; round games are being played, in the soft, bright moonlight, on the thick sward. An impromptu dance is got up by some insatiable spirits who are not knocked up with previous exertions, but the turf is scarcely springy enough, and vocal music is tried instead.

John awoke next morning in a state of much anxious excitement. He found that the hopes of his district rested upon the Bey as a last resource, for so firm a favorite was Sir Eustace, that Ralf and Cosgrove got any odds they chose against their horse. Tommy, on the contrary, was perfectly calm. He was quite aware what was to be done, and he felt convinced that the Bey had the right stuff in him. He was indeed so great a believer in the animal, that he would willingly have become a martyr at the stake for the sincerity of his opinion.

The day wore on; the first few races had been run, and now the grand event of the meeting is going to come off—but under very different circumstances to what was expected. It is now almost a foregone conclusion, and ruefully does many a one think of the emptiness which will fill his pocket presently. Besides which, they hate being cleaned out by these Sydney turfites, with their bumptious self-assertion. The Bindarobina man and his friend assist John and Tommy as far as they are able; and if good wishes could make his horse win, theirs would soon enable him to distance all the competitors.

The Sydney crack, Errol, a fine golden-brown horse, the picture of a racer, is being attended to by a party of horsey cads, who pique themselves on their knowledge of town racing, as compared with this bush affair.

The bell rings—the jocks are weighed; and as it rings again, they make their way to the post. Dick, who has unlimited faith in himself and his horse, sets his face like cast-iron,—he is resolute to uphold the credit of the district. Several other horses are to start also, but none of them have a chance. Errol is a steady, quiet-tempered horse, too honest for the crew who own him. He is ready to start at the word; but Cane knows that Emin Bey's temper is an irritable, nervous one, and his jockey has received instructions to make a false start or two if he can. The Bey is unaccustomed to being checked in this way, and rears the first time in a manner perfectly appalling to

behold, while Tommy grinds his teeth and swears inwardly.

The Betyammo party are once more in the grand stand, and the enthusiasm has increased to the highest pitch. Old Mr. Gray would sooner than a hundred pounds that the Sydney horse should be beaten. Bessie is breathless, and Phœbe says nothing; but her face is white. The Sydney men make sneering remarks as they stand in a little group, feeling secure of victory.

Off! Away they go at last, on the wings of the wind, with the noise of the whirlwind! They are past. Dead silence reigns.

It is not reality. We are looking at one of the great paintings of the turf. The same scene,—the horses stretched to their utmost, the many-colored jockeys standing up in their stirrups, their backs bent, their heads low. It seems an age until they turn the far corner. Two are now racing side by side,—the rest are away behind, yet still holding on at their best speed. Now a murmur is heard, and it increases into excited shouts as each second varies the fortunes of the race. The horses are so close together, no one can tell which has the advantage. Roars of encouragement from the backers of both greet the riders. Errol's jock calls upon his horse as he passes the grand stand, and making a determined spurt, the generous steed succeeds in getting a head's length in front of Emin Bey, but only for an instant.

Dick feels what his horse is capable of, and, pulling him together, wakens him up for a final effort, and lands him a victor by a short neck, amid deafening applause from the excited crowd, who toss their hats and helmets into the air and kick them about, shake hands with each other, and cheer as if each one had attained the wish his heart most desired.

Dick receives a perfect ovation as he is led back bareheaded to the scales; and Bessie finds, to her astonishment, in the midst of her smiles, that her face is quite wet; while Phœbe, so pale a minute before, is now as red as any rose. Not less delighted and excited is John, who has his hand nearly wrung off by numerous enthusiastic individuals, who at this moment are ready to devote their lives and fortunes towards sustaining the honor of the district. Tommy takes things more coolly,—he asks a question or two of Dick, and leads the Bey off to be thoroughly strapped and clothed; but to-night

in the stables he will throw his arms round his beauty's neck, and whisper loving words to him, as he makes up his bed with rather more than usual care, in grateful memory of his achievements. Cane is furious.

The race has been so fairly run that there is no chance of protesting against the decision of the judge; and, cursing his horse and its rider, his ill luck, and himself and companion, he seeks consolation in the bottle, assisted by Ralf, who is reduced to despair. He is overwhelmed with the amount of calamity which he feels impending, and the bitterness of defeat has to him an additional poignancy when he thinks of the impending exposure of his frauds in Sydney.

Dowlan as usual has joined the winning side. He has no fear that his share in Sir Eustace's business will come to light, but he has been mixed up in other underhand manœuvres, and he has to crawl through slime, and lie and fawn into the good graces of those to whom his greed and foiled schemes have made him a debtor. He must endeavor to work through somehow, and already he has told a number of stories discreditable to his former associates, placing himself in the light of a victim.

The Barham Downs and Bindarobina men are almost better pleased than if the race had turned out as they had anticipated. Emin Bey's victory has saved them each more money than they could well afford to lose, and as John rides into Yering, they join Mr. Gray and Stone and the old honest Oorgootoolah squatter in cheering him loudly. But alas! his pleasure is not unalloyed, for he is informed by the man who has undertaken to look after old Graham, that his charge has been missing since the morning previous.

The old overseer had been seized with a dreadful attack of *delirium tremens* on the evening when John had seen him, and was with much difficulty kept in the house during the night. Towards morning he had grown quieter, and his guardian had left the house in which he was for a short time, to find on his return that the old man was gone. Whither? No one knew. He had searched during the day himself, and having got bushed in the intricacies of a scrub into which the tracks of the missing man had led him, he was unable to report the occurrence sooner.

The police magistrate at once despatched a couple of white constables,

with a black tracker, to trace the footsteps from the place where they had last been seen.

John rode home with a depressed mind. As he passed the public house which had proved "the lion in the old man's path," he saw the publican, a bloated, greasy-faced man, with a villainous, low forehead, and a prize-fighting look, walking up and down the verandah in a "boiled shirt" (old Graham had worn flannel since he left his married home), snowy-white trousers, and carpet slippers, his waist girded with a scarlet sash, narrating with coarse glee to a fellow-poisoner how he had "copped the old — on the hop," and "lambeth him down to rights."

The bar was still thronged, and the effects of the mixture of spirits of wine, blue stone, and tobacco juice, were to be seen on a miserable wretch who lay stretched in the courtyard, among a heap of broken bottles, empty sardine-tins, and smashed-up boxes.

"I'd like to have the punishing of you," thought our hero. "I'd make you drink a tumblerful of the dregs of one of your own casks every day for a week."

Next morning, on riding into the township to inquire for the poor old man, he found the police magistrate and one or two justices of the peace about starting to hold a magisterial inquiry on his body. He had been found late the night previous, lying perfectly dead in a small gully in the scrub.

John joined the others, and was horror-struck at the sight which presented itself on reaching the place. Graham had evidently been dead nearly two days. About his neck, a cord, to which was suspended a small bag, cut deeply into the swollen flesh. This, on being opened, was found to contain, wrapped in numerous folds of paper and oilskin, three or four locks of light-brown hair, and one long tress of a darker shade.

Alas, poor Graham! the adder that stung thee was of thine own fostering.

Owing to the decomposed state of the body, no further examination was effected, and the inquiry came to an end, all being satisfied that drink alone had brought about the dreadful results.

Another piece of intelligence was made public during the day. On applying poultices to Sir Eustace's wounded foot, the broken end of a strong darning-needle was discovered and extracted, upon which the animal became very much easier. Suspicion pointed to the Sydney men, but nothing was certain.

From Fraser's Magazine.

WHAT SHAKESPEARE LEARNT AT SCHOOL.

II.

HAVING now gained a general idea of Shakespeare's course of school instruction, we have next to enquire whether his writings supply any evidence of his having passed through such a course. With regard to its first or elementary stage, even Farmer admits that Shakespeare must have been well drilled in the accident, and that he recollects it vividly enough to use his knowledge with dramatic propriety and effect. Sir Hugh Evans's examination of Mrs. Page's boy in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" accurately represents, indeed, the kind of cumbersome catechetical exercise in the accident which prevailed at the time in all the grammar schools. Sir Hugh's explanation of the holiday that "Master Slender is let the boys leave to play," and Mrs. Page's complaint, "Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in the accident," are vivid touches illustrating the relation between masters, pupils, and parents common enough in Shakespeare's day, and pathetically lamented both by Brinsley and Hoole, but as true probably now as then. Shakespeare's familiarity with Lily's grammar is shown in many ways; amongst others by his quotation of some of its more striking examples, such as "*Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.*"

The next stage to the accident and grammar is that of vocabularies, phrase-books, and familiar dialogues, and this stage is amply illustrated in the scenes between Sir Nathaniel and Holofernes in "Love's Labor's Lost." The schoolmaster's display of Latin words and phrases in the following dialogue are fragments from the school vocabularies and phrase-books with which his "ventricle of memory" is stuffed.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*, — blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *coelum*, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind

of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a *haud credo*;
'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus!* O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

In the synonyms for *coelum* and *terra* the pedantic master literally parades the school method by which boys were required to note down Latin words and phrases and give as many English equivalents for them as possible. The next scene between the curate and the pedant recalls and exemplifies the familiar Latin dialogues which, as we have seen, formed at this stage an important part of the regular school work. It will be remembered that these learned men were walking in the park after having dined with the father of one of the school pupils, where it had been previously arranged, that, if the curate would gratify the table with a grace, the pedant would undertake to prove that Biron's love-verses, which they had read together, were "very unlearned, neither savoring of poetry, wit, nor invention."

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's who is intituled, nominated or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* his humor is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behavior vain, ridiculous and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.
[*Takes out his table-book.*]

Hol. He draweth out the threads of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak "dout," "fine, when he should say "doubt"; "det," when he should pronounce "debt"—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t; he clepeth a "calf," "cauf," "half," "hauf;" "neighbour" *vocatur* "neighbour;" "neigh" abbreviated "ne." This is abominable,—which he would call abominable; it insinuate one of *insanire: ne intellegis, domine?* to wax frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone!*—*bone for bene:* Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. *Chirrah!* [To MOTH.

Hol. *Quare "chirrah," not "sirrah"?*

These scraps of Latin dialogue exemplify the technical Latin intercourse between master and pupils in the school work, as well as the formal colloquies the latter were required to prepare as exercises in the second stage of their course. In one of the manuals of the latter, entitled "*Familiares Colloquendi Formulae in Usum Scholarum Concinnatae*," I find under the first section, headed "Scholasticae Belonging to the School," the following: "Who comes to meet us? *Quis obviam venit?* He speaks improperly, *Hic incongruè loquitur;* He speaks false Latin, *Diminuit Prisciani caput;* 'Tis barbarous Latin, *Olet barbariem.'* In the scene just quoted from, it will be remembered, Holofernes, in reply to Costard's "*Ad dunghill* at the fingers' ends, as they say," says, "O I smell false Latin, 'dunghill' for *unguem.*"

In relation to the next stage, that of Cato's Maxims and Aesop's Fables, the proofs of Shakespeare's familiarity with these school-books, if somewhat scattered and allusive, are nevertheless various and abundant. But it is the less necessary to go minutely into the evidence on this head as Mr. Henry Green, in his work on "Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers," has detailed the illustrations with almost exhaustive minuteness. In the wider meaning and more general application of the term almost all the school-books used at this stage may be summed up under the head of emblems. An emblem is not unfrequently at once an illustrated maxim and a condensed fable. The same epigrammatic or proverbial truth is often found expressed in the three forms of maxim, emblem, and fable. Cato's Maxims and Aesop's Fables were accordingly often published as school-books with illustrated cuts, engravings, or emblems. The fly-leaf of the school colloquies just referred to contains an advertisement of "Aesop's Fables with their Morals in Prose and Verse, illustrated with a great number of Pictures and Emblems." There is a passage in Hoole also which suggests that Shakespeare in reading Aesop may have acquired some knowledge of the "*Gesta Romanorum*" during his school days. Speaking of the third form he says:—

Their forenoon lessons may be in *Aesop's Fables*, which is indeed a book of great antiquity and of more solid learning than most men think. For in it many good lectures in morality which would not (perhaps) have been listened to, if they had been delivered in a plain and naked manner, being handsomely made up and vented in an Apologue, do insinuate themselves into every man's mind. And for this reason perhaps it is that I finde it and *Gesta Romanorum* (which is so generally pleasing to our Countrey people) to have been printed and bound up together in Latine, even when the Latine was yet in its drosse.

Alciat's was the most popular of the emblem-books so common in the sixteenth century, and Mr. Green has shown how familiar Shakespeare was with his work. Now Hoole enumerates Alciat's emblems in his list of subsidiary books, and refers to it more than once as a manual used in the schools. Thus, in dealing with the work of the fourth form, he says:

After they have become acquainted with a variety of metre you may cause them to turn a fable of *Aesop* into what kind of verse you please to appoint them, and sometimes you may let them translate some select Epigrams out of those collected by Mr. Farnaby, or some emblems out of Alciat or the like flourishes of wit which you think will more delight them and help their fancies.

Elsewhere he recommends that, as a help to making themes and verses, the boys of the fifth form should have a commonplace book in which they should write the heads set down by Farnaby in his "Index Reticorius," and busy themselves on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons in collecting short histories out of Florus, Cæsar, Livy, and others, apologies and fables out of Aesop, Phaedrus, and Ovid, and emblems and symbols out of Alciat and Beza.

In the next stage of his school career, Shakespeare would begin the reading of Ovid, parts of the "De Tristibus" and the "Metamorphoses," and with Ovid he would take up the selected Epistles of Cicero, and the Eclogues of Baptista Mantuanus. The evidence as to the last point is supplied by the well-known quotation from the Eclogues in "Love's Labor's Lost." But how imperfectly the subject of Shakespeare's scholarship has hitherto been worked out, is, I think, shown by the fact that no critic or commentator seems to have ascertained with any certainty whether the Eclogues were in common use as a school-book or not. Malone, indeed, says that from a passage in Nash's "Apology," "the Eclogues of

Mantuanus appear to have been a school-book in our author's time." And Warburton gives at second hand a quotation from Farnaby's introduction to Martial, which certainly illustrates the absurdly high estimation in which the Mantuan was held. So popular was Mantuanus in the sixteenth century that, according to Farnaby, the pedants had no hesitation in preferring the "*Fauste, precor, gelida*" to the "*Arma virumque cano;*" in other words, the Eclogues of Mantuanus to the *Aeneid* of Virgil. Several editions of the Eclogues in the original, and more than one translation, had been published in England before Shakespeare's school-days, and it would seem, from numerous and laudatory references in contemporary literature, that the author was, for a time at least, as much in vogue here as on the Continent. Almost the only exception to the general eulogy is found in the pages of Drayton, Shakespeare's friend and fellow-countryman. In his "Heroic Epistles" he makes one of the heroines stigmatize the Mantuan as "foul-mouthed" on the strength of an Eclogue (the fourth), in which, the monk getting the better of the poet, he "bitterly inveigheth against womankind." In the notes, however, Drayton himself justifies the favorite author, maintaining that the invective, though severe, is well deserved.

Why Mantuanus should have become so popular as to acquire the reputation of a classic, and become established as a text-book in the secondary schools, it is not very easy to understand. Much of his voluminous Latin poetry is of little value; and although his eclogues show considerable facility both of conception and execution, they want the rustic feeling and picturesque touch, as well as the unity and finish, of the true bucolic. That they were among the earliest modern eclogues was no doubt a point in their favor. And the birthplace of the writer would count for something in the comparison of his work with that of Virgil. But that on these, or indeed on any conceivable grounds, the Carmelite monk should have been seriously compared to the great Augustan poet, and ranked as not inferior, seems almost incredible. There is no doubt, however, about the fact. Barkley, the author of "The Ship of Fools," who wrote the earliest English eclogues, says in his prologue:—

And in like manner, nowe lately in our dayes
Hath other poets attempted the same wayes
As the most famous Baptist Mantuan,
The best of that sort since poets first began.

The poems of Mantuanus were publicly read in Paris early in the sixteenth century, while the Eclogues, established as a text-book in the schools of almost every country in Europe, were lauded and lectured upon *ad nauseam*. Farnaby's sarcastic reference was, indeed, the instinctive revolt of a genuine scholar and critic from the tasteless eulogies which had become a scholastic tradition. But Shakespeare's satire on the "bisson conspicuities" of the pedants is earlier and even more incisive. Those who are familiar with "Love's Labor's Lost" will remember that while the curate, Sir Nathaniel, is reading Biron's epistle, which "accidentally or by way of progression had miscarried," Holofernes, full of pedagogic self-importance, cannot resist airing at large his professional accomplishments. He accordingly breaks forth with a sounding line from the school author so dear to the pedantic mind: —

Fauste, precor, gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat — and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice: —

*Venegia, Venegia,
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.

Both poet and critic were, however, as usual, comparatively powerless against the pedants; or rather, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that the *vis inertiae* of use and wont still kept the old Mantuan in his place as a favorite school author. As we have seen, he is enumerated in the year 1585 amongst the school books to be used at St. Bees, and half a century earlier Mantuanus was prescribed amongst the authors to be read in the newly-established grammar school of St. Paul's. The Eclogues are also contained in each of the lists of forms and school-books given by Hoole. And in the body of his work Hoole not only states that Mantuanus was usually read in the grammar schools, but he selects the very lines quoted by Shakespeare to illustrate one of the ordinary school exercises known technically as metaphorize. The lines are as follows: —

For Afternoon lessons on Mondays and Wednesdays let them make use of Mantuanus, which is a Poet, both for style and matter, very familiar and grateful to children, and therefore read in most Schooles. They may read over some of the Eclogues that are less offensive than the rest, takeing six lines at a lesson, which they should first commit to memory, as they are able. Secondly, construe.

Thirdly, parse. Then help them to pick out the phrases and sentences, which they may commit to a paper book; and afterwards resolve the matter of their lessons into an English period or two, which they may turn into proper and elegant Latine, observing the placing of words, according to prose. Thus out of the five first verses in the first Eclogue:

*Fauste, precor, gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat, antiquos paulum recitemus amores,
Ne si forte sopor nos occupet ulla ferarum,
Quae modo per segetes tacite insidiantur adulas,
Sæviat in pecudes, melior vigilantia somno.*

One may take such a period as this: Shepherds are wont sometimes to talke of their old loves, whilst the cattel chew the cud under the shade; for fear, if they should fall asleep, some Fox or Wolf, or such like beast of prey, which either lurk in the thick woods, or lay wait in the grown corn, should fall upon the cattel. And indeed, watching is farre more commendable for a Prince, or Magistrate, than immoderate, or unseasonable sleep. "Pastes aliquando, dum pecus sub umbra ruminat, antiquos suos amores recitare solent; ne, si sopor ipsos occupet, vulpes, aut lupus, aut aliqua ejus generis fera prædabunda, que vel in densis sylvis latitant, vel per adulas segetes insidiatur, in pecude sæviat; imo enimvero Principi vel Magistratui vigilantia somno immodico ac intemppestivo multo laudabilior est." And this will help to prepare their invention for future exercises, by teaching them to suck the marrow both of words and matter out of all their Authors.

Were there still any doubt on the subject, this passage is decisive as to the general use of the Eclogues in the grammar schools. It also shows that, notwithstanding the occasional protests of more cultured critics, they kept their place in the established curriculum down at least to the second half of the seventeenth century.

With regard to Shakespeare's further stages of progress in the upper school, the illustrations to be derived from his writings are perhaps neither so numerous nor decisive as those relating to the lower school. He refers, indeed, more than once to several of the authors read in the higher forms, and gives apt quotations from some of the more significant, such as Virgil and Horace, Terence and Seneca. But it is difficult, on the strength of such allusions and quotations, to estimate the progress made in these authors, as they would necessarily be read under the drawbacks insisted on by the Reformers and without any of the helps they specify and recommend. It would seem, however, that Shakespeare must have had some experience of the special exercises belonging to the higher forms, amongst

others those of making Latin, of writing Latin epistles, themes, and verses. At least he represents Holofernes as criticizing Biron's love-sonnet according to the established stages and elements of progress in this department of school work. Two of the more important of these stages were technically known as imitation and invention, the lower exercise, or imitation, being preparatory to the higher and more independent effort required for invention. Imitation consisted in taking a passage from some author read in the class, and, while retaining the substance, altering the form. An example of this process has already been given in the passage just quoted from Hoole. Both Brinsley and Hoole carefully describe the exercise, and give directions for its efficient performance in prose and verse. Each takes, among other illustrations, an epistle from Cicero, giving first the original and then the imitated form. To call out the higher energies of invention, a subject was prescribed on which the more advanced pupils had to write a short Latin theme or a certain number of verses in an appointed metre. In doing this they were at full liberty to use the contents of their notes and commonplace books. Indeed, these books were kept and filled very much for the sake of these higher uses; the chief heads of invention or classified sources, whence reasons and illustrations to be used in the exercises might be derived, being entered in the blank book at the outset, and filled in from the reading and lectures of the class. The "invention" of the school exercises was in this way connected with the wider and more technical treatment of "invention" or the finding of arguments in the old logics and rhetorics. The kind of exercise involved in invention tested the pupils' powers of thought as well as of expression, their promptness and flexibility of mind as well as their command of apt phrases, epithets, and turns of speech. Keeping these different elements of the upper-school exercises in view, we can better understand the exact force and bearing of the criticism Holofernes volunteers on Biron's love-verses. The pedant, it will be remembered, after airing his knowledge of the Eclogues, and giving forth the Italian proverb about Venice, had been impatiently humming to himself while the curate read the letter just delivered by Jaquenetta. At length, his patience being exhausted, he addresses himself directly to the reader, "Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or,

rather, as Horace says in his —" Then catching sight of the manuscript, he exclaims : —

What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse.

Lege, domine.

The curate having read the verses, the pedagogic habit is so inveterate with Holofernes, that he cannot help coming the schoolmaster over even his mild-mannered and deferential companion. He complains that he has missed the necessary elisions, and not given the proper accent. " You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet." Then taking the paper into his hands he proceeds, with a frown of critical concentration and the outstretching of a didactic forefinger towards the offending document, to deliver his authoritative judgment.

Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caref.* Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the 'tired horse his rider.

We can fancy Master Thomas Hunt in the ancient Stratford schoolhouse reading amongst the exercises of the higher forms one signed W. Shakespeare, but, unless he were exceptionally mole-eyed, hardly with the same result. The numbers might not indeed be perfectly ratified, as the boy's mastery over longs and shorts might be still defective. But the exercise, if marked by blemishes in the details of scholarship, could hardly be wholly wanting in facility, in flowers of fancy, and jerks of invention. However this may be, it seems clear from the extract that Shakespeare was familiar with the kind of exercise, as well as with the cut and dried scholastic principles according to which it was usually criticized.

In addition to Latin composition, another distinctive branch of study in the upper school was rhetoric. In all the accounts of the work done in this section, rhetoric plays an important part. In the higher forms of the Protestant schools, indeed, as well as in those of the Jesuits, the chief subjects of study were "*quod ad rhetoricam, poësim et historiam pertinet.*" Thus Brinsley, in describing the works of the upper school, after dealing with the making of themes, verses, and orations,

has a short chapter devoted to rhetoric, in which he says : —

For answering the questions of Rhetoric, you may, if you please, make them perfect in Talaeus' Rhetorick, which I take to be most used in the best schools ; onely to give each definition and distribution, and some one example, or two at most, in each chapter ; and those of the shortest sentences out of the poets : so that they can give the word or words, wherein the force of the rule is.

In Hoole the elements of rhetoric are prescribed for the fourth, fifth, and sixth forms. In his account of the Rotheram classes he says of the fifth : —

Their foremoons Lessons were in Butler's Rhetorick, which they said memoriter, and then construed, and applied the example to the definition ;

and in the master's method he says of the sixth : —

Let them repeat parts as they did before out of the *Elementa Rhetoricae* every Thursday morning, and give account what grammatical or rhetorical notes they have collected and writ fair in their commonplace books for those arts.

He gives similar directions for the special study of oratory and rhetoric in the fifth form. We may fairly assume that Shakespeare remained long enough at school to reach the fifth form, and "Love's Labour's Lost" supplies a curious piece of evidence tending to show that he had gone through a course of technical training in the elements of rhetoric. This valuable bit of evidence having been, I believe, hitherto overlooked by the critics and commentators, it may be worth while to give it in detail. It consists of a rare, and in many ways a remarkable, technicality occurring in the speech of Holofernes about the writer of the letter.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript : "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline." I will look again upon the *intellect* of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto : "Your Ladyship's in all desired employment, Biron." Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king ; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.

I had often been puzzled by the peculiar use of the term "intellect" in this passage, before I made the discovery that it was simply another stroke, helping to bring out still more vividly the character of the school pedant. In the unfamiliar use of this familiar term Holofernes is sim-

ply parading his knowledge of rhetorical technicalities. As a rhetorical exercise the boys of the upper school were required, in reading the poets, to pick out the figures of speech, enter them in a note-book, and give to each its technical name or names. In the classification of the figures common to the older manuals of rhetoric synecdoche usually follows metaphor, and the Latin equivalent of synecdoche is *intellectio*. Being given in the school manuals, this technical use of the term *intellectio* would be familiar to most who had received a training in the elements of rhetoric. But its precise meaning and range of application in this connection will be made clear by an extract from Wilson's English "*Arte of Rhetorique*," published before Shakespeare was born. Wilson, following a tendency common in his day, endeavored to Anglicize the technical terms of his art ; and, where this could not conveniently be done, he often selected the better-known Latin equivalent instead of the original Greek word. Thus he translates synecdoche by *intellecction*, of which he gives the following account : —

Intellecction, called of the Grecians synecdoche, is a Trope, where we gather, or judge, the whole by the part, or part by the whole. As thus : The king is come to London, meaning thereby that other also be come with him. The Frenche manne is good to kepe a fort, or to skirmishe on horsbacke, whereby we declare the Frenchmen generally. By the whole, the part, thus : All Cambridge sorrowed for the death of Bucer, meanyng the moste parte. All England rejoiceth that pilgrimage is banished, and Idolatrie forever abolished : and yet al England is not gladde but the moste parte. Intellecction, Wilson also points out, is used in relation to signs and their significance for the mental act of realizing by means of the sign the thing signified. He illustrates this meaning as follows : —

By the signe we understande the thing signified, as by an Ivie garland we judge there is wine to sell. By the signe of a Bear, Bull, Lion, or any soche, we take any hous to be an Inne. By eating bread at the Communion, we remember Christes death, and by fath receive him spirituallie.

The precise signification of intellect in Holofernes's speech will now be apparent. It really means the sign-manual or signature of the letter. The signature is the sign reflecting and revealing the thing signified, which is of course the writer of the letter. *Intellect*, in this sense, is the object, the sign, and its significance, of which *intellecction* is the act, the percep-

tion of the related terms. As a name for the signature of a letter it is thus strictly analogous to *superscript*, as a name for its address. As superscription is properly the act of writing an address, and superscript the address written, so *intellec-tion* is the act of interpreting or understanding a sign, and *intellect* the sign interpreted or understood. I may add that the use of the verb in this sense was not unknown in the literature of Shakespeare's day. The following extract from a rare and curious book, "The Fountaine of Ancient Fiction," by Richard Linche (1559), will illustrate Shakespeare's peculiar use of the noun: —

Because the description of the Spring, the Summer, Autumn, and Winter are with everie one very familiar, I will cease to proceed therein, conmemorating that onely of Ovid, when he speaketh of the regale seat of Phœbus: —

Before divine Apolloes regall seat
The beautieous Spring sits crownd with curious
flowers,
Next whom (with eares of corne about her head)
The Summer sits in her all-parching heat,
And Autumne (dyde with juice of grapes) downepours
A world of new-made wine of purest red,
Next whom (as placed all in due arow)
Sits grim-faced Winter covered all with snow.

These stations are many times thus *intellected*: by the Spring is meant Venus: the Summer signifies Ceres: Autumne challengeth Bacchus: and for the Winter we oftentimes understand Vulcan; and sometimes the winds with Æolus the commander, because from these proceed those tempestuous storms which are commonly predominant in that season.

Here it will be seen that the verb *to intellect* is used in the strict technical sense of interpreting a sign, just as Shakespeare uses the noun for the sign interpreted. But although the word had this special meaning, none but a dominie bent on displaying his knowledge of scholastic technicalities would have designated the signature of a letter in this high-flown and pedantic style. The most strained and far-fetched terms are, however, quite natural in the mouth of Holofernes. But it may be safely asserted that only one trained in the elements of rhetoric could have added this characteristic touch in drawing the portrait of the school pedant. Other incidental illustrations of a technical knowledge of rhetoric occur in the scenes with Holofernes, especially in the smart dialogue with Moth about the "figure," but the one I have dwelt upon is the most significant and important.

But although there is in this way some evidence to show that Shakespeare reached the higher forms of the school,

and shared in their routine work, it is not likely that he made much progress in the more difficult authors read, or advanced beyond an average performance of its special exercises. It is difficult to imagine the future poet struggling persistently with the intricacies of verbal scholarship, or working with obstinate industry against the grain. His keenly sensitive nature and exuberant vitality would revolt from the minute and exhausting labor. But if any author read in the school course happened to touch his fancy, to excite his imagination, and respond to the varied moods of his quick poetic feeling, we may be sure that he would concentrate all the knowledge he had acquired on the voluntary perusal of such an author, and would continue his studies, in this direction at least, with ardor and delight. The question is, Do Shakespeare's writings contain any evidence in favor of such a supposition? I think they do; and as the evidence on this point has never been adequately detailed, I shall devote the remainder of this paper to its fuller exhibition.

More than a century ago Whalley remarked in his "Enquiry" that Ovid appeared to have been a favorite author with Shakespeare.* The remark has been not unfrequently repeated since, and probably most critical readers of the poet have arrived for themselves at a similar conclusion. Many must have felt, at least in a vague and general way, that Ovid is more frequently referred to than any other classic author, and that Shakespeare had derived more vivid pictures and apt illustrations from his writings than from those of any other Roman poet. Nor is this in the least surprising. The qualities that combine to render Ovid almost irresistibly attractive to poetical natures are not only numerous, but in their union, amongst Roman poets at least, rare if not unique. In the first place Ovid is the most modern of all the ancients. His love of nature and sympathy with human life, not only in its stately and heroic, but in its humblest forms, are essentially modern. His pictures of rural scenery and details of rustic life are elaborated with loving care, and, unlike Virgil in the Georgics, he never paints an empty background with no move-

* The association of Shakespeare's name with that of Ovid began, however, much earlier. Thus Meres, in 1598, says: "As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the witty soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare, witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared *Sonnets* among his private friends, etc."

ing object or incident to relieve and animate the scene. In his pictures there is always some stir of life, some elements of human experience familiar or heroic, passionate or pathetic. Again the prominence which he gives to the passion of love, not only on its sensuous side in fervid elegiacs, but on its sentimental or romantic side, as it touches the imagination and the heart, anticipates one of the most characteristic features of modern literature. The same holds true of his intimate knowledge of female character, his insight into the subtle and powerful workings of the female heart. Ovid is unrivalled, amongst Roman poets, in his power of delineating the perplexing, but, in the strictest sense, fatal logic of female passion, its sudden moods and contradictory impulses, its wild vehemence or self-consuming reserve, its pathetic tenderness, unsuspected strength, and absolute devotion. From his limitations of genius and temperament he cannot, indeed, touch the highest notes of female character, but he includes a much wider range than any of his Roman predecessors or contemporaries, and this is one of the points in which he becomes a vital link between ancient and modern art.

Ovid's defects no less than his excellences are curiously modern. Those most insisted on by hostile critics are the over-elaboration of details, the indulgence in discursive episodes, the accumulation of trivial conceits, strained metaphors, and far-fetched illustrations. In a word, he is charged with an unrestrained exuberance of fancy, feeling, and expression. But this very exuberance helps to make him the most picturesque and interesting, if not the most poetical, of Roman poets. Niebuhr's opinion, that, excepting Catullus, Ovid is the most poetical of the Romans, is well known, and there is a good deal to be said in its support. Of course; Ovid has not the severe beauty and concentrated epic art of Virgil. Even his best work wants the perfect unity and proportion, the dignity and grace, the mingled reserve and finish of the *Georgics* and the *Aeneid*. But in Virgil you feel everywhere the *lima labor*. He works as a conscientious artist, impressed with the magnitude of his task, and ever striving with a noble perseverance after a lofty ideal, which he spares no pains to reach. And as a work of art the result is almost perfect, although you never lose the sense of effort, of cumulative and painful effort, involved in its production. Ovid, on the other hand, seems to sing from an irre-

sistible impulse of nature. The moment he strikes his lyre, the numbers appear not only to come, but to control in their melodious course the most intractable materials of his art, as the fabled harp of Orpheus did the stocks and stones of nature. There is a dash, sparkle, and spontaneity in his writing, which indicates the most genuine native inspiration, and the fullest enjoyment of the work. With his temperament and position indeed, nothing but a love of poetry, amounting to a passion, could have induced him to devote his life to its production. He had a joyous, pleasure-loving nature, which his circumstances and surroundings enabled him to gratify to the full. His rank and independent position introduced him to the society of the capital, while his social qualities, his genius and accomplishments, made him heartily welcomed by its highest circles. He was the child of his age, and thoroughly enjoyed the brilliant society, the multiplied luxuries and refinements, of imperial Rome. But it is clear from the result that he had still a keener delight in his chosen work. He could sacrifice personal and social gratifications for the sake of giving form and substance to the visions inspired by his ardent poetical feeling. And his enthusiasm for the poetical art was supported by the rarest literary gifts. Foremost amongst these must be ranked his power of vivid conception. In his productive moods, the pictures that come within the eye and prospect of his soul seem as full of life "as though they lived indeed." The visions that fill his imagination have the color, movement, and complex detail of the breathing world. Next to his vigorous and prolific fancy comes his unrivalled mastery over the vehicle of his art, musical and expressive diction. His facility of expression has been the subject of critical eulogy from his own time to ours. His unfailing ease and grace of language, his exquisitely musical versification, indicate the union of consummate literary skill with inborn lyrical genius. Every thought, feeling, and image, as it arises, is perfectly reflected in the magical mirror of his harmonious verse. Language, music, and imagery seem as plastic to his touch as nature herself in the hands of his transforming deities. This power of vivid conception, mastery of expressive speech, and command over descriptive detail give to his separate pictures a concrete reality and completeness that fascinate the mind, and produce almost irresistibly a momen-

tary belief in the truth even of his wildest fictions. There is a grave and artless, or intense and passionate, circumstantiality about his narrative that carries conviction captive, and forces you to believe that what you so vividly see and feel must be the reflex of an actual experience. There can hardly, for example, be a wilder fiction than the story of Phaeaton; but the narrative is so full of life and reality that after the glowing lines have once impressed it on the mind, it becomes almost impossible to think of the zodiac without a vision of the splendid chariot with its fiery steeds breaking impetuously away from the unsteady driver, and carrying ruin, conflagration, and eclipse down the western steep of heaven.

Stories and episodes almost equally impressive and memorable might be selected from each of the marvellous fifteen books. The best qualities of Ovid's muse are, indeed, concentrated in the "Metamorphoses," and they have conspired to make it one of the most attractive and entertaining books ever written. The actual popularity of the poem, too, has been immense. Ovid is almost the one classical author whose light was never extinguished even in the darkest ages of ignorance and barbarism. By a curious fate the brilliant compendium of heathen mythology was often the only monument of antiquity to be found in monastic libraries, and it seems to have been thoroughly enjoyed by monkish scholars. At least it was often copied with zealous industry in the scriptorium, and moralized with pious ingenuity in the cell, when a profoundly serious and even religious author like Virgil was uncared for or unknown. In the Middle Ages the poem supplied a perfect storehouse of materials for the pictorial uses of the fine and decorative arts. Half the looms of Europe were busy working stories from Ovid into webs destined to brighten with life and color the gloom of many a baronial and civic hall, as well as to protect and adorn many a noble lady's bower. After the revival of letters Ovid was read in all the schools and colleges of Christendom, and at the rise of vernacular literatures the "Metamorphoses" was amongst the earliest translations made from the classics into the mother tongues of Europe. I need hardly refer to the high estimation in which Ovid was held by many of the greatest modern poets, and especially amongst ourselves by Chaucer, Spenser, and perhaps most of all, by Milton. In

his youth, at all events, Milton preferred Ovid to Virgil, and maintained that but for his exile the poet of the "Metamorphoses" might have been as great as Homer. The lines from the well-known Latin elegy, in which this opinion is expressed, may be quoted from Cowper's version : —

If peaceful days, in letter'd leisure spent
Beneath my father's roof, be banishment,
Then call me banish'd, I will ne'er refuse
A name expressive of the lot I chuse,
I would that, exiled to the Pontic shore,
Rome's hapless bard had suffer'd nothing
more ;

He then had equall'd even Homer's lays,
And, Virgil ! thou hadst won but second praise.

To the list of appreciative poets Shakespeare must certainly be added. The higher qualities of Ovid's genius and work were indeed precisely of the kind to attract and fascinate the youthful author of "Venus and Adonis." The life and color, the passion and pathos, the endless variety of magical changes in the "Metamorphoses," with their exquisite verbal combinations and metrical harmonies, would have an irresistible charm for his opening fancy and ardent poetic feeling.

But there is still another quality of Ovid's genius which, perhaps, affected Shakespeare at the outset of his career more than all the rest. Ovid is, I venture to think, the most dramatic of Roman poets. This is, perhaps, a more disputable claim than any already made on his behalf. At least, it is one which many critics would be indisposed to allow. They often speak of his tender and passionate scenes as though they were rhetorical exercises rather than outbursts of genuine feeling; but, although many artificial and rhetorical passages are to be found in Ovid's writings, the remarkable fact about the more important appears to me to be the wonderful freshness, variety, and even depth of real feeling they display. In the appreciation of his characteristics, Ovid has fared better at the hands of the poets than of the critics, and I cannot but think Dryden right both as poet and critic, in the judgment he pronounces : " Though I see many excellent thoughts in Seneca, yet he, of them [the Roman poets], who had a genius most proper for the stage, was Ovid; he had a way of writing so fit to stir up a pleasing admiration and concernment, which are the objects of tragedy, and to show the various movements of a soul combating betwixt two different passions, that had he lived in our age, or

in his own could have writ with our advantages, no man but must have yielded to him." It is true that we are deprived of the best and more direct means of estimating Ovid's dramatic faculty in the loss of his one great tragedy, the "Medea." But from the favorable judgment of not too friendly contemporary critics we may fairly conclude that it was a work of real and even remarkable dramatic power. In the most considerable of his extant works, the "Fasti" and "Metamorphoses," both the subject and form chosen are less fitted, and but for the result, one might have said least fitted, for the display of Ovid's peculiar genius. Nothing at first sight would seem less suitable to become the subject of a serious epic than the national mythology, as it had already lost, or was fast losing, all real hold on the cultivated intelligence of the Roman world. In Ovid's day it had reached the stage of sceptical criticism, and was at many points exposed to popular ridicule and contempt. With regard to form, the natural bent of Ovid's mind was, as I have said, towards lyrical and dramatic poetry. In the earliest period of his career the poet himself had the clearest perception of this. At the beginning of the third book of his "Elegies" he says that, when meditating his future work, he was visited by the rival muses of the buskin and the lyre, and that the former upbraided him with wasting his poetic gifts on trivial love ditties instead of concentrating them on the nobler task of depicting imperial woes in tragic verse. In reply to this appeal he pleads for a slightly extended indulgence of the lyric mood, intimating that when he had completed his "Elegies" he would betake himself to tragedy, for which, as he elsewhere tells us, he felt he had a special turn.

This early promise was not, however, redeemed. In after years, when he resolved to undertake more serious work, instead of devoting himself to the drama, he was led by the courtly and literary influences of his time to attempt an epic. The emperor, in his desire to restore the older and more robust conditions of national life, favored this more solid form of the poetical art, and Virgil's recent success had given it a temporary supremacy. With Virgil, however, the choice of the epic form was perfectly natural. It was in thorough harmony with the seriousness of his disposition and aims. But Ovid had little of Virgil's profound and absorbing interest in the conditions and

continuity of national greatness, in the past and future of Rome as the instrument and representative of law, order, and progress in the world. He had still less of that brooding and almost oppressive sense of the mystery and burden of life which solemnized Virgil's mind, and becomes audible at times in the touching minor key of his verse. He is separated from Virgil, too, by position, as well as by temperament. During the interval between them the Roman world had passed from the deep shadows and destructive violence of the republican conflict to the sunlight and repose of the imperial day. Ovid lived in the sunlight and rejoiced in its warmth and brilliance till the sudden winter of his exile came. The ease and gaiety of this congenial urban life are well reflected in his minor writings. But alike in the subject and form chosen for his greatest works, there can be little doubt that he had originally a serious purpose in view. Among his other reforms, Augustus was anxious to restore the old reverence for the national deities, and Ovid was evidently desirous of giving the emperor's policy that kind of literary support of which the Aeneid is the most brilliant example. He wished to do for the ritual and mythology what Virgil had done for the legendary history and antiquities of Rome. In other words, his aim was to revive popular interest in the deities and ceremonial of the national religion. He states at the beginning of the "Fasti" that this was his design in dealing poetically with the national calendar. And the "Metamorphoses" opens with the gravity and earnestness befitting a religious poem. But if he ever seriously thought himself capable of producing a sacred epic, he certainly formed an erroneous estimate of his literary aptitudes and poetical gifts. In any case his joyous temper and dramatic genius soon triumphed over the original design, and instead of bringing the gods down from heaven and exhibiting them as objects of awe and reverence to men, he simply carried his contemporaries to Olympus, and filled the august seats with lively representatives of the morals and manners of the Augustan age. This has sometimes been urged as a fatal objection to the poem. It is said that in its treatment of the national mythology, instead of maintaining their antique majesty, Ovid had not only modernized the gods, but represented them in the most literal, if not in the lowest, sense as being of like passions with ourselves. The reply of course is,

that after warming to his work the poet treated the subject naturally, under the inspiration and according to the impulses of his own genius. He could not help vitalizing the stories, and he filled them with the only life he knew, that of human passion and mundane activities. Instead of a sacred epic, we have accordingly a series of brilliant stories and vivid dramatic sketches, often pathetic enough in their tenderness and tragical in their intensity. Although not dramatic in form, most of his longer and most important works are, in this way, thoroughly dramatic in substance. This is true not only of the "Fasti" and "Metamorphoses," but of the "Heroic Epistles," in which Ovid's dramatic genius is often displayed with singular vividness and power. The objections sometimes urged against them on the ground of anachronisms and external incongruities, such as, in the case of Ariadne, the want of any means of communication with Theseus, the absence of writing materials, and possibly her ignorance of the art, are ludicrously wide of the mark. The real question is whether, realizing in essentials the character and circumstances of the heroines, the poet expresses with vividness and truth the poignant internal conflict of grief and hope, of tumultuous passion, agonizing dread, and tender desire. It will hardly be denied that this is strikingly true with regard to many of the epistles, and especially the best. On this ground they might well be described in the phrase of a modern poet as "dramatic lyrics." But the "Metamorphoses" contain a number of powerful sketches that might appropriately come under the same heading. Dryden, with his usual critical sagacity and poetical insight, has noted this. Referring to a theory, since disproved, about the "Medea" of Seneca, that it might possibly be the lost tragedy of Ovid, he says : —

I am confident the "Medea" is none of his : for though I esteem it for the gravity and sententiousness of it, which he himself concludes to be suitable to a tragedy, "Omne genus scripti gravitate tragœdia vincit," yet it moves not my soul enough to judge that he, who in the epic way wrote things so near the drama, as the story of Myrrha, of Caunus, and Biblis, and the rest, should stir up no more concernment where he most endeavoured it.

But it is clear, I think, from internal evidence that Shakespeare had been struck with the dramatic power of many of the narratives of the "Metamorphoses" long before Dryden noted the

fact. The stories of Phaeton, of Medea, of Pyramus and Thisbe, of Midas, of Progne and Philomela, of Baucis and Philemon, amongst others, had evidently impressed themselves on his youthful imagination in a way never to be forgotten. But these points and others connected with Shakespeare's acquaintance with Ovid will come more fully out in the special illustrations which are to follow.

Probably no critic would deny that Shakespeare was familiar with Ovid, but many maintain, as Farmer did, that his knowledge was derived solely from translations, and especially from Golding's translation of the "Metamorphoses." That Shakespeare well knew this vigorous and picturesque version is certain; but I feel equally confident, from what has already been said, that his study of Ovid in the original was begun at Stratford School, and had been voluntarily extended to his chief poems before he became acquainted with any translation. There are some points of evidence which tend directly to support this view. In the first place it is a striking fact that the keynote as it were of Shakespeare's public career as a poet should have been struck by a quotation from a section of Ovid's poems not yet translated into English. So far as we know Shakespeare himself published in his own name only three poems — the "Venus and Adonis," the "Lucrece," and the "Sonnets." Of these, the "Venus and Adonis" was not only the first published, but apparently the earliest considerable poem the author had written. "The first heir of my invention," he calls it in the dedication to the Earl of Southampton. The poem, though not published till 1593, must, in this case, have been written some years earlier, probably before Shakespeare left Stratford for London. On the title-page are the following lines from Ovid's "Elegies" : —

Vilia miretur vulgus : mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

These lines are taken from a poem of which, as I have said, there existed at the time no English version. The earliest translation of the "Elegies" is that usually attributed to Marlowe, and published by his friends some years after his death. The exact date of the first edition cannot be decided with certainty, but Ritson fixes it at 1596, and Gifford, on apparently good grounds, a year or two later. The second edition, which probably followed within a year of the first, contains two

versions of the elegy from which Shakespeare quotes — the second, signed B. J., being the work of Ben Jonson. This is established, not only by the initials, but by the fact that it is printed in full by Jonson as his own in the "Poetaster," which appeared in 1601. Gifford is probably right in his conjecture that both versions are by Jonson, the first being a rough sketch of the second. In any case, the earlier version was not published till some years after the "Venus and Adonis." But what, perhaps, is even more to the point, the quotation is one which, from the circumstances of the case, could hardly have been chosen by any but a scholar, or at least by one who knew the original well. From their setting in the elegy, the lines would fail to attract special attention and be relatively unimportant in a translation. On the other hand, in the original poem, they have a distinctive emphasis and are full of concentrated meaning and power. The elegy is a spirited vindication of poetry from the envious criticism of those who represented the poet as an idler, ignobly shirking the public duties which, as a reputable citizen, he ought to discharge. In reply, Ovid proudly asserts that the position of the true poet is higher than any to be gained by wealth or rank or public honors, that in his works he leaves an immortal heritage to men through which his nobler essence not only survives, but outlasts all the symbols and monuments of earthly greatness. In illustration of this, he commemorates some of the greatest poets of the past, including Homer, Hesiod, Sophocles, Menander, Ennius, Lucretius, Virgil, Tibullus, Gallus; and after going through the inspiring roll, he virtually says: "With these I take my part, their labors and rewards are the only object of my ambition, their life the only life I care to live." It is a characteristic utterance on the part of Ovid, and expresses the fixed resolve of his nobler nature. But it is perhaps still more characteristic in the mouth of Shakespeare, when, conscious of great powers, and resolved to find, or create, an ample field for their exercise, he set out on his life's journey with no help from fortune or friends, and no ultimate hope or desire beyond the poet's crown. In these lines he avows himself the child of Apollo, and declares that henceforth his *elixir vitae* will be full draughts from the Castalian spring. The same proud note of confidence in himself and devotion to his art reappears again

and again in the "Sonnets," and here too, as we shall see, he echoes the confident predictions of future fame in which Ovid indulges at the close of his greatest work. But the earlier quotation shows that Shakespeare had extended his studies in Ovid, not only beyond the books usually read in the schools, the "De Tristibus" and the "Metamorphoses," but beyond the utmost limits where the help of a translation was available.

I may next take another point of evidence, which, though comparatively small and indirect, appears to tell with some force in the same direction. It is well known that Shakespeare derived several of the names occurring in his dramas, such as Autolycus, directly from Ovid. Some of these have curious points of interest connected with them. But there is one, about which little has been said, that is perhaps more remarkable and interesting than any besides — the name of the fairy queen, Titania. Of this name so accomplished a student of Shakespeare as Mr. Ward says, singularly enough: "The figure of the elf-queen Shakspere might have found in the 'Wife of Bath's Tale' in Chaucer. Her name Titania was, so far as we know, Shakspere's invention, and may have been suggested by Diana, who, as King James I. informs us, 'amongst us was called the Phairee,' though Simrock (ii. 34) derives the same from *titti* (children), the stealing of whom is a favorite pursuit of the elfin spirits." Both the German critic and the English historian had apparently forgotten that the name is traceable to Ovid, and that as used by him it has a very distinctive significance. So far as I know, however, Mr. Keightley is the only critic who has connected the name with Ovid; and he does so very generally, without bringing out in any detail the meaning and value of the fact. His statement is that Titania occurs once in the "Metamorphoses" as a designation of Diana. But in reality the name occurs not once only, but several times, not as the designation of a single goddess, but of several female deities, supreme or subordinate, descended from the Titans. On this ground it is applied to Diana, to Latona, to Circe, to Pyrrha, and Hecate. As Juno is called by the poets *Saturnia*, on account of her descent from Saturn, and Minerva, on less obvious or more disputed grounds, is termed *Tritonia*, so Diana, Latona, and Circe are each styled by Ovid *Titania*. This designation illustrates, indeed, Ovid's marked power of so employing names as to in-

crease both the musical flow and imaginative effect of his verse. The name Titania, as thus used, embodies rich and complex associations connected with the silver bow, the magic cup, and the triple crown. It may be said, indeed, to embrace in one comprehensive symbol the whole female empire of mystery and night belonging to classical mythology. Diana, Latona, Hecate are all goddesses of night, queens of the shadowy world, ruling over its mystic elements and spectral powers. The common name thus awakens recollections of gleaming huntresses in dim and dewy woods, of dark rites and potent incantations under moonlit skies, of strange aerial voyages, and ghostly apparitions from the under-world. It was, therefore, of all possible names the one best fitted to designate the queen of the same shadowy empire, with its phantom troops and activities, in the northern mythology. And since Shakespeare, with prescient inspiration, selected it for this purpose, it has naturally come to represent the whole world of fairy beauty, elfin adventure, and goblin sport connected with lunar influences, with enchanted herbs, and muttered spells. The Titania of Shakespeare's fairy mythology may thus be regarded as the successor of Diana and other regents of the night belonging to the Greek pantheon. Shakespeare himself appears to support this view in a line over which a good deal of critical ink has been shed. It occurs in the invocation to the fairies in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.

The deities of the Greek mythology were instruments of destiny or fate, in other words, of the ultimate powers of the universe. In the current belief of the Middle Ages, still firmly held in Shakespeare's day, the beings of the Northern mythology were the representatives and successors of the old Greek divinities. Shakespeare indirectly favors this relation not only by the selection of the name Titania for the fairy queen, but in giving to Oberon the designation consecrated by Ovid to Pluto. "*Umbrarum dominus*," "*umbrarum rex*," are Ovid's phrases for the monarch of the lower world, and Oberon is by Shakespeare styled "king of shadows." But the great Pan was

long since dead, and with him the Titanic brood and Olympian circle of pagan deities. In this point of view, as offshoots of the Greek mythology, and in relation to their traditional parents and predecessors, the fairies might well be called orphan, while, as still representing the dark powers and primary forces known as fate, they might be appropriately styled "heirs of fixed destiny." Ariel, in "The Tempest," it will be remembered, says explicitly, "I and my fellows are ministers of Fate."

Reverting to the name Titania, however, the important point to be noted is that Shakespeare clearly derived it from his study of Ovid in the original. It must have struck him in reading the text of the "Metamorphoses," as it is not to be found in the only translation which existed in his day. Golding, instead of transferring the term Titania, always translates it, in the case of Diana, by the phrase "Titan's daughter," and in the case of Circe by the line—

Of Circe, who by long descent of Titans'
stocke am borne.

Shakespeare could not, therefore have been indebted to Golding for the happy selection. On the other hand, in the next translation of the "Metamorphoses" by Sandys, first published ten years after Shakespeare's death, Titania is freely used. Sandys not only uniformly transfers the name where it occurs in the original, but sometimes employs it where Ovid does not. In Medea's grand invocations to the powers of night, for example, he translates "Luna" by "Titania." But this use of the name is undoubtedly due to Shakespeare's original choice, and to the fact that through its employment in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" it had become a familiar English word. Dekker, indeed, had used it in Shakespeare's lifetime as an established designation for the queen of the fairies. It is clear, therefore, I think, that Shakespeare not only studied the "Metamorphoses" in the original, but that he read the different stories with a quick and open eye for any name, incident, or allusion that might be available for use in his own dramatic labors. The names, incidents, and allusions which he derived from his study of Ovid being, however, numerous, will require some space, and their detailed illustration must therefore be left over for a separate paper.

THOS. S. BAYNES.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A LOST POEM BY EDMUND SPENSER.

FROM the well-known letters which passed between Edmund Spenser and Gabriel Harvey "touching the Earthquake in Aprill last and our English re-fourmed Versifying" we learn that the first draught of "The Faerie Queene" and most likely some of the initial cantos, were in existence at least as early as 1579. The first three books, however, were not published till 1589, and the second three, which make up all now extant of the poem as a consecutive work, not till 1596. The edition of this latter year, which is the second edition of the first three books and the first edition of the last three, contains the whole of the poem printed during the poet's lifetime. Spenser himself seems to have remained in London for the express purpose of seeing it through the press, and the volume represents the final form in which the author gave his great work to the world. To the previous instalment of three books had been annexed a letter from the author to Sir Walter Raleigh, "expounding his whole intention in the course of this worke," his "whole intention" being "to pourtraint in Arthure before he was king the image of a brave knight perfected in the twelve private morall vertues as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve booke: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of politicke vertues in his person after that hee came to be king." Then, after explaining that the method of a "poet historical" differs from that of the historiographer, he proceeds: —

"The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an historiographer, should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept the annuall feaste XII dayes; upon which XII severall dayes, the occasions of the XII severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by XII severall knights, are in these XII books severally handled and discoursed." Whether these passages are to be understood as implying a definite intention on Spenser's part at the time to complete even "these XII books," may well be a matter of question. When in the same letter he asserts the distinction between the poet and the historian in so marked a manner, and declares that "a Poet thrusteth into the middest, even where it most concerneth him, and there recours-

ing to the things forepast, and divining of things to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all," it is clear that he does not mean to bind himself by any very stringent obligations. He gives a sketch of his general plan rather as an indication of the frame of mind in which he wishes what he has written to be read, than as a definite promise as to what he will write in future. This preliminary vindication of his right to begin where he pleases and how he pleases is, indeed, something more than an assertion of the poet's prescriptive privileges. It is a plea on behalf of the peculiarities of Spenser's own individual genius. His conception of an epos is essentially different from that of other epic writers. Homer gives us a helmet of antique gold embossed with shapes of gods and men, but the form and outline of the helmet is his first care. Spenser gives us a queinely necklace of pearls, strung on a silken thread. The thread is hidden: the worth of the work lies in the quantity and quality of the pearls. But whatever may have been Spenser's wishes and intentions when he published his first three books in 1590, he was no longer of the same mind when he published his six books in 1596. The letter to Sir Walter Raleigh containing the manifesto of his design is altogether suppressed. There is no hint throughout the volume that the author considered his work unfinished, or had any intention of adding to it.* The poem is committed to the world as ended if not consummated, and a careful survey of the internal evidence discloses no promise of any contemplated completion. Had Spenser really meant to finish "The Faerie Queene" on the scheme he originally sketched out, it would be very difficult to account for such an omission, an omission which, as Spenser superintended the production of the volume, cannot well have been other than intentional. It is true that there is no attempt to round the various parts of the poem into a connected whole. Such a task would have been impossible. This "Faerie Queene" is not a cathedral of Beauvais, where the colossal choir among its disproportionate surroundings records the fate of over-sanguineous ambitions: it is

* Unless, indeed, we except the half-line [F. Q. VI. 5, ii. 9] —

"When time shall be to tell the same," to which Mr. Hales has drawn attention. The utmost, however, that this passage renders probable, for it proves nothing, is that at the time it was written Spenser intended to recount the antecedents of the "salvage man," a very different thing to completing "The Faerie Queene."

rather one of Hausmann's boulevards, which comes to an end at a street-corner, not because it could not be continued in exactly the same style for any number of leagues further, but simply because it is not wanted. And, in fact, Spenser must have felt that the world wanted no more "Faerie Queene." In 1579 the conception of the poem was an inspiration. In 1596 its continuation would have been an anachronism. The work is the first great outcome of a literary revolution which had already culminated. When "The Faerie Queene" was commenced, Sidney had not yet written his "Arcadia." When the six books were published, Shakespeare had produced "Hamlet."

Up to the present time, however, the opinion that Spenser intended to complete "The Faerie Queene" has almost universally prevailed, and it has been corroborated by evidence which at first sight would seem to be conclusive. In 1609, ten years after Spenser's death, appeared the first collected edition of his works in folio. In this volume, for the first time, is printed the very striking and significant poem which in this and all subsequent editions follows on at the end of "The Faerie Queene" under the heading: "Two cantos of Mutabilitie: which both for forme and matter, appeare to be parcell of some following booke of the Faerie Queene, under the legend of constancie." The editor, if indeed the volume had any other editor than Matthew Lownes the printer, prints the poem accordingly as if it were the sixth and seventh cantos of some lost book of "The Faerie Queene," with a fragment of an eighth. Now supposing the editor to have been simply an honest blunderer, the palpable inference from this heading is that in some way or other he had become possessed of this poem, and finding it written in the same metre and style as "The Faerie Queene" had come to the conclusion that it probably formed part of that poem; and thereupon, arbitrarily, if not allegorically, placed his sixes and sevens at the head of the cantos. The very phrase, "*appeare* to be," is absolutely conclusive against his having any authoritative information on the subject. If, however, it is justifiable to hint a doubt as to Matthew Lownes, or whoever the real culprit may have been, being quite so scrupulously conscientious as all of Spenser's later editors, it may be surmised that if he were fortunate enough by any means to "acquire" a poem un-

doubtedly by Spenser, which it might be possible to palm off as a part of "The Faerie Queene" supposed to be irrecoverably lost, he would hardly scruple to suppress any telltale introductory verse or verses it might have possessed in MS., with a view to rendering his new book more irresistibly tempting to the British public. But however this may be, there can be no doubt on the mind of any careful reader that these two cantos have no real connection whatever with "The Faerie Queen." They form, in fact, a complete and highly finished poem, with a distinct beginning, middle, and end of its own, and, though similar in form to "The Faerie Queene" utterly different from it in matter and in aim. The suggested title, as a title of any book of "The Faerie Queene," is simply out of the question. It is by no means clear what Spenser considered "the twelve private moral vertues as Aristotle hath devised;" but, at all events, "constancie" is not among them as distinguished from fortitude. This, however, is simply an editorial blunder, though it is one into which no editor could have fallen had the cantos really formed part of "The Faerie Queene." Lengthy and fantastic as are some of Spenser's digressions, there is no single canto, much less two consecutive cantos, of "The Faerie Queene," entirely destitute, as these cantos are, of any reference to the business or to any one character of the poem. Here is no knight nor damsel, prince nor archimage, no sight nor sound of the Arthurian faery-land; only gods, and Titans, and personified phenomena of the universe holding high palaver in the celestial spaces. But a brief analysis of the poem itself will most clearly show its absolute independence of "The Faerie Queene."

Mutability, then, or Change — for Spenser uses both names indifferently — is a daughter of the Titans, who aspires to gain rule and dominion as a goddess. She first manifests her power on earth by destroying old order, cursing those who were created blessed, and breaking all laws of nature, justice and policy. Having thus brought all things on earth into subjection to her tyranny, she next attempts the empire of heaven. She climbs through the regions of the air and fire to the circle of the moon, and endeavors to hurl the moon-goddess from her throne. Cynthia withstands her, and the Titaness raises her golden wand to strike her. An eclipse darkens the world, and the gods in terror fly to the palace of Jove to im-

plore succor. Jove thereon despatches Mercury to the circle of the moon to summon the intruding Titaness before his own tribunal. She replies defiantly that she cares nought for the messenger nor the sender of the message, but seeks dominion over all the gods. The gods assemble, and while they are discussing the situation, Mutability suddenly appears before them to assert her claims in person. Jove, undismayed, commands her to speak. "I am a daughter," she answers, "by the mother's side of Earth, the child of Chaos; but by the father's side of Titan, whose sons thou hast wrongfully defrauded of the rule of heaven, which is their birthright." Jove seizes his burning levin-brand to strike the blasphemous usurper,—

But when he looked on her lovely face,
In which faire beames of beauty did appere
That could the greatest wrath soone turne to
grace,
Such sway doth beauty even in heaven beare,
He staid his hand ;

and tells her "in milder wise," that it is granted to none to challenge the title of the gods. The Titaness refuses to accept Jove's decision, but appeals from him to the great father of gods and men, the god of nature. The time and place are appointed for the hearing of the appeal ; the place — evidently out of celestial consideration for the poet-reporter — being Arlo Hill, near Kilcolman Castle, Donegal, County Cork, Munster, Ireland. Here is interposed a long topographical allegory to account for the presence of thieves and wolves in that part of the world, interesting mainly as fixing the date of the poem certainly later than the beginning of 1592, and probably later than the return of Spenser to Ireland in 1597. With this digression the first canto ends. The second tells us how the gods and all other creatures assemble on Arlo Hill.

Then forth issewed, great goddess, great dame
Nature,
With goodly port and gracious majesty,
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Than any of the gods or powers on hie ;
Yet certes by her face and physomy
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry ;
For with a veile that wimpled everywhere
Her head and face was hid that mote to none
appear.

Mutability pleads her cause, and she
pleads well :—

To thee, O greatest Goddesse, onely great,
An humble suppliant, loe, I lowly fly,

Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat,
Who right to all dost deale indifferently,
Damning all wrong and tortious injurie
Which any of thy creatures do to other,
Oppressing them with power unequally,
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knittest each to each as brother unto
brother.

Then weigh, O soveraigne Goddesse, by what
right
These gods do claime the world's whole sov-
erainty,
And that is onely dew unto thy might
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously :
As for the gods' owne principallity,
Which Jove usurps unjustly, that to be
My heritage Jove's selfe cannot denie,
From my great gransire Titan unto mee
Deriv'd by dew descent as is well known to
thee.

Yet mauger Jove and all his gods beside
I do possesse the world's most regiment,
As if ye please it into parts divide,
And every party's inholders to convent,
Shall to your eyes appere incontinent.

Earth, water, air, fire are all, she as-
serts, subject to change, and consequently
her own by right. When she has thus
opened her case, she calls as witnesses to
substantiate her claim the four seasons of
the year, the months, day and night, the
hours, then life, and lastly death.

When these were past, thus gan the Titanesse :
"Lo, mighty mother, now be judge, and say
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
CHANGE doth not raign and bear the greatest
sway ?

The appellant's case concluded, Jove,
the respondent, makes reply. True it is,
he admits, that all things are changed by
time. But who is it, he asks,

That Time himselfe doth move, and still com-
pell
To keepe his course ? Is not that namely wee
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly
cell
That moves them all, and makes them changed
be ?
So them we gods do rule, and in them also
thee.

Mutability then replies :—

The things
Which we see not how they are mov'd and
sway'd
Ye may attribute to your selves as kings,
And say they by your secret powre are made :
But what we see not who shall us perswade ?
But were they so, as ye them faine to be
Mov'd by your might and order'd by your ayde ;
Yet what if I can prove that even yee
Your selves are likewise chang'd and subject
unto mee ?

She then challenges them all in turn :
Cynthia, Mercury, Mars, Saturn, and
lastly Jove himself and the starry sky, de-
claring that all of them are moved, and
consequently are subject to herself.

Then, since within this wide great universe
Nothing doth firme and permanent appear,
But all things lost and turned by transverse,
What then should let but I aloft should rearre ?
My Trophee, and from all the triumph bearre ?
Now judge then, O thou greatest Goddessse,
trew,

According as thyself doest see and heare,
And unto me addoom that is my dew :
That is, the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

So having ended, silence long ensewed,
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firme eyes affixed the ground still
viewed.

Meane-while all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtfull case,
Did hang in long suspense what would ensew,
To whether side should fall the soveraine
place :

At length she, looking up with chearefull view,
The silence brake and gave her doome in
speeches few.

"I well consider all that ye have said,
And find that all things stedfastnesse do hate
And changed be : yet, BEING RIGHTLY WAY'D,
**THEY ARE NOT CHANGED FROM THEIR FIRST
ESTATE ;**
**BUT BY THEIR CHANGE THEIR BEING DO
DILATE,**
**AND TURNING TO THEMSELVES AT LENGTH
AGAINE**
**DO WORKE THEIR OWN PERFECTION SO BY
FATE**
**THAT OVER THEM CHANGE DOOTH NOT RULE
AND RAINGE,**
**BUT THEY RAINGE OVER CHANGE, AND DO
THEIR STATES MAINTAINE.**

"Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by mee,
For thy decay thou seek'st by thy desire ;
But time shall come that all shall changed
bee,
And from henceforth none no more change
shall see."

So was the Titaness put downe and whist,
And Jove confirm'd in his imperiall see,
Then was that whole assembly quite dismisse,
And Nature's selfe did vanish, whither no
man wist.

To this magnificent close of the poem
Spenser appends two stanzas by way of
L'Envoy : —

When I bethinke me on that speech whyleare
Of Mutabilitie and well it way,
Meseems that though she all unworthy were
Of the Heavn's rule, yet, very sooth to say,
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In all things else she beares the greatest sway ;
Which makes me loath this state of life so
tickle,
And love of things so vaine to cast away,
Whose flowering pride so fading and so fickle
Short Time shall soon cut down with his con-
suming sickle.

"Then gin I think on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more change shall
be,
But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
Upon the pillovs of Eternity,
That is contray to Mutabilitie :
For all that moveth doth in Change delight,
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally,
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight :
O that great Sabaoth God, grant me that
Sabaoth's sight !"

It might well appear incredible that
any editor of Spenser could in cold blood
obtrude these two stanzas on the atten-
tion of his readers as the fragmentary
commencement of an eighth canto, "un-
perfite," of a purely supposititious book
of "The Faerie Queene." Incredible as
it may seem, however, this feat has been
performed by every editor from the days
of Matthew Lownes onward to our own,
and not a single one, so far as I know,
has ever vouchsafed the slightest hint as
to their real character and significance.
In contemplating such a display of de-
voted intrepidity in following their leader,
it is impossible not to recognize some
truth in the boast that the editors of our
great poets will go anywhere and do any-
thing.

The poem itself, however, demands
more attention than its editors. Spenser's system of the universe, it will be
observed, is the popular one of his time.
The earth is

in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoveable abide,

(F. Q. v. 2, 35) surrounded by the "re-
gions" of the air and the fire, through
which the Titaness passes before she
arrives at the "circle" of the moon.
The planets, among which the sun still
retains the middle place, are ranged in
the old order, except that Jupiter, for the
sake of the allegorical proprieties, usurps
yet once again the dominion of Saturn,
and holds the last and highest rank. Be-
yond the circles of the planets is only
the crystal sphere of Anaximenes, "thick
inlaid with patines of bright gold." But
Spenser knows something of the prob-
lems which perturb the souls of his astro-
nomical contemporaries. Mercury is "of
late far out of order gone." "Mars, that

valiant man, is changed most." The starry sky remains still, "yet do the starres and signes therein still move; and even it selfe is mov'd, as wizards saine."

One of the "wizards" referred to is no doubt "the learned Ptolomée," who tells us "that inasmuch as the stars maintain their relative distances we may justly call them fixed, yet inasmuch as the whole sphere to which they are nailed is in motion, the word 'fixed' is but little appropriate;" but it is most likely that Spenser here refers more particularly to his own lines, prefixed to the fifth book of "The Faerie Queene," in which he speaks at large of the phenomena connected with the precession of the equinoxes. In these introductory lines too he remarks that "most is Mars amisse of all the rest," which is exactly paralleled by the sneer of Mutability at the unsteadfastness of "that valiant man." The notices of Saturn, however, in the two passages do not agree, and nothing at all is said of Mercury in the one from "The Faerie Queene," circumstances tending to show that the cantos of "Mutability" were written at a later date.

It was not till after Spenser's death that the real epoch of astronomical discovery commenced. Copernicus, indeed, more than half a century before had restored the sun to "his imperial throne, the guide and ruler of the family of planets revolving around him;" but the enunciation of his theory awakened only a dull and feeble response in the world of science until the invention of the telescope rendered its ultimate adoption inevitable. That the leaders of Catholic and Protestant theology alike should denounce the new doctrine was of course to be expected, but it should be remembered that among its bitterest opponents were also Tycho Brahe, the real founder of practical astronomy, and Francis Bacon, the reputed restorer of philosophic method. At the time Spenser wrote, Kepler, already an astronomer, had not yet undertaken his memorable researches with regard to the path of Mars: Galileo, already in correspondence with Kepler, and smarting under his first experiences of persecution, had not yet learned to whisper even to himself, "*E pur si muove.*" William Gilbert, indeed, had accepted the new teaching, but Spenser did not live to see the publication of his work "*De Magnete*" in 1600. It would have been a marvel indeed had Spenser accepted the theory, though perhaps a still

greater marvel had he been absolutely unacquainted with its outlines. This poem of his, in fact, seems to me intended as an indirect refutation of certain doctrines held by one of the earliest adherents to the Copernican theory, the erratic and ill-fated Giordano Bruno of Nola. This philosopher, originally a Dominican, seems to have courted persecution and science with equal ardor and with equal success; and after enduring six years of misery in the Piombi at Venice, and two more in the dungeons of the Inquisition at Rome, finally expiated the crimes of free thought and an aggressive temper at the stake on February 17, 1600. In the course of his many wanderings, Bruno had made some considerable stay in England, apparently in the suite of the French ambassador Castelnau, and had there become acquainted with Sir Philip Sidney, to whom he dedicated two of his works.

The doctrine, however, which Spenser seems to be here combating is perhaps most compendiously stated in his "*Treatato de la Causa, Principio et Uno*," previously published in 1584, and dedicated to Castelnau. In the fifth dialogue in this work (p. 127, ed. Venice, 1584) he writes: —

Wherefore in your ears will not sound ill the opinion of Heraclitus, who said that all things are One, the which by MUTABILITY hath in itself all things; and because all forms are in it, consequently all definitions agree with it, and so far contradictory propositions are true . . .

This notion of a universe which is itself Deity, maintaining its unity inviolate in the midst of an infinite multiplicity of phenomena in virtue of a mutability as infinite, is not one to commend itself to the piety and orthodoxy of Spenser's nature. All things in nature change, he admits, but change is not therefore an attribute of Deity. On the contrary, as his master Aristotle had taught, change is necessarily determined both at its beginning and its end, and cannot be eternal, consequently cannot be divine. God is God, says Bruno in effect, in virtue of his infinite mutability. Not so, answers Spenser; God is God in virtue of his infinite stability. I grant you your infinite mutability, but to me the indestructibility of matter and of motion is the diviner fact. Heaven and nature move and are changed, but heaven and nature depend on the unmoved Mover of the universe. Some day they will cease to move, but none the more will the

First Mover cease to be. The plot, which by the way bears a vague generic resemblance to that of Bruno's "*Spaccio de la Bestia Trionfante*," reflects with accuracy the mental process by which Spenser arrived at his conclusions. When he describes Mutability citing before the tribunal of nature the four elements of which all things are made, and the various times and seasons "which do the world in being hold," we cannot mistake the problem which has occupied his thoughts. It is indeed more intelligible in the form in which he presents it than it would have been in any scientific language known to the sixteenth century. Matter and motion, representing the fundamental categories of space and time in their objective aspects, are, he tells us, so far as the physical universe is concerned, inseparably and eternally connected. Matter without motion cannot exist any more than motion without matter. But matter cannot be in motion without change. Is change, then, the ultimate fact of the universe, or is there a generalization beyond, wide enough to embrace all the phenomena of change? In the solemn judgment delivered by the veiled goddess on the appeal of Mutability, Spenser announces that he has found this wider generalization. Change, he declares, has a subjective existence only, and is not supreme in the universe. Whatever changes may take place in either matter or motion, both are in truth indestructible and objective. Transpose, translate, transform them as you may,—

Yet being rightly way'd,
They are not changed from their first estate ;
But by their change their being do dilate,
And turning to themselves at length againe
Do worke their own perfection so by fate
That over them Change doth not rule and
raigne,
But they raigne over Change, and do their
states maintaine.

It is startling to find thus fantastically tricked out in the garb of poetic Elizabethan allegory one of the latest doctrines of logical Victorian science. It is perhaps too much to credit Spenser with enunciating the theory that while every particle of matter is moved in every particle of time, the sum of all matter and of all motion remains immutable; but a strict analysis of this poem will show that its conclusions cannot be translated into the terminology of modern physics by any less extensive proposition. Whether the doctrine of the indestructibility of motion is identical with that of the conservation

of energy is for others to determine. To me it seems practically undistinguishable, and if so, the phrase indestructibility of motion is clearly preferable, as at once so co-ordinating the doctrine with its complementary one, the indestructibility of matter. At all events, Spenser has asserted the indestructibility of both in terms sufficiently explicit to entitle him to a high place amongst those who have given a voice to

the prophetic soul

Of the wide world dreaming on things to come, the seers who have anticipated by the surmise of genius the yet far-off deductions of science. Surely, after being practically lost to the world for more than two centuries and a half, it is high time that these "Two Cantos of Mutabilitie," should at last be recognized not as a wholly incongruous and only half-intelligible appendage to "The Faerie Queene," but as one of the noblest independent poems of the noblest age of English poetry.

SEBASTIAN EVANS.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
THE CIVIL CODE OF THE JEWS.

Of the laws affecting transactions between debtor and creditor those having reference to usury are of course the most important. They will be found not a little noteworthy. The Biblical ordinances and also the Talmudic injunctions aenent the exaction of interest have been so much misinterpreted and grossly distorted by modern Jews of a certain school that the Mischnic regulations in their simplicity cannot fail to prove interesting. The rabbinical laws are of course founded upon the texts of the Pentateuch which forbade usury. They will therefore clearly explain how Hebrew jurists understood and explained the Mosaic prohibition.

Any the most trifling payment or consideration given for the loan of either money or produce was forbidden as usury; and the rabbins knew no distinction between interest and usury. The Talmudic code took cognizance of two kinds of usury; that prohibited by the Mosaic injunctions and that forbidden by the ordinances of the rabbins. The former was termed *ribith ketuzah*, or definite interest; the latter *abak ribith*, or indefinite increase. Where one man lent an-

other say five pieces of money on condition that six were to be repaid, or lent four measures of produce in return for which he was to receive five, the law regarded it as a case of Biblical usury, *ribith ketzutzah*. When no specified amount was charged for the accommodation—for instance, if an individual lent another a sum of money for business purposes, receiving one-half the profits, whatever they might be—the consideration paid for the loan was considered *abak ribith*, usury forbidden by the rabbins only. Now the law in the two cases mentioned differed. The usury prohibited by the Bible, *ribith ketzutzah*, was at all times and under all circumstances illegal. Even if the amount had already been paid by the debtor he could summon the lender before the local tribunal who could compel restitution. Those who accepted this form of interest were regarded as *gazlanim*, robbers, and as such they could be compelled to refund their gains. This enactment did not, however, apply to cases where the interest agreed upon was that prohibited by rabbinical ordinance only. To understand clearly the peculiarities of the Mischnic law in this regard it is necessary to explain the general principle upon which the Hebrew jurists based their prohibition, and the circumstances under which a transaction seemingly equitable and fair was deemed by them illegal.

The leading principle underlying the enactments having reference to the usury forbidden by the rabbins—*i.e.* interest in the shape of profit, indefinite and not prearranged, accruing from *bond fide* business transactions—will be readily understood. It admits of simple explanation in connection with the prohibition of what is known as the undertaking of *tzon barzel*—literally, iron sheep. A person engaged in rearing cattle was forbidden to take charge of a sheep, receiving in return one-half the produce—the wool or a lamb—if he was responsible for the return of the animal. The owner could sustain no loss—he was guaranteed against it; but he took one-half the profit in any event. The animal was in fact so much capital safely invested. It resembled so much metal in that its value could not deteriorate. Hence the appellation *tzon barzel*, which designates in the Talmud every description of property guaranteed absolutely and unconditionally against damage or loss. Now, the rabbins argued, the person who took charge of the sheep labored in respect of one-half

from which he derived neither profit nor advantage for the benefit of the owner, who was his creditor in respect of the other half. He was therefore regarded as paying interest on a debt, his liability remaining always unquestioned. Hence the prohibition. The same principle applied to cases where money was lent for business purposes. If the creditor was guaranteed against all loss, the debtor undertaking to refund the entire amount, the agreement to share the profits was illegal. If, however, both parties contracted to share the losses, if any, as well as such profits as resulted, the arrangement was valid. The money thrown into the business was not in the nature of a loan; it was an affair of partnership. On like grounds it was forbidden to give to another merchandise or goods on condition of sharing the profits unless the owner at the same time agreed to share the losses.

Nothing is more remarkable than the number of regulations formulated for the purpose of preventing usury in any shape or form whatsoever. Every transaction between producer and consumer, between vendor and purchaser, was carefully overhauled in order to render the conditions imposed upon either party incapable of yielding advantage of such a kind as to resemble anything like interest. For instance, it was customary for persons residing in towns and cities to arrange with farmers and other owners of produce for a regular supply of commodities required for consumption throughout the year. Now, the price of such commodities was invariably lowest immediately after the harvest and ingathering; rates invariably rose as the year grew on. To prevent any undue advantage on either side the law declared invalid any contracts made before the prices of the respective commodities were fixed in the public markets. The farmer's need was greatest during the period of harvest and in the interval between the ingathering and the fixing of the prices; ready money during the period would tempt him to part with his produce at rates below those which would subsequently be decided upon. Hence the buyer would gain an advantage which the law construed as usury: profit made of another's need. Such a bargain was therefore bad at law. The agreement was likewise invalid if the farmer at the time had not in his possession such produce as he contracted to furnish—unless, be it noted, the produce was already in the market and its price

for the season fixed and known. In a similar manner the producer was forbidden to sell in autumn, after harvest, at the enhanced prices likely to rule in the spring of the year. A case recorded in the Talmud of one of the rabbins will explain the grounds of the law. The Rabbin Papa was accustomed to make date wine. This he sold in autumn at spring prices. Payment of course was to be made in the spring. He justified his conduct by saying that his wine would keep, and he was not bound to dispose of it—not being pressed for money—immediately after ingathering, when rates were lowest. He would keep his wine until spring and then obtain better terms. Schesheth, the Blind, explained to him more clearly the law. "You," he said, "have regard to your own circumstances, but you should also have consideration for those of the buyers. If they had money in autumn, when prices are everywhere low, they would not purchase of you at the higher price. Only because they have not the wherewithal to buy for cash in autumn do they come to you. The difference is simply usury, which you are receiving for the delay in payment."

For like reasons the lending of a measure of produce—an equal measure to be repaid by the borrower—was deemed unlawful. The price of the commodity might in the interval between the loan and repayment rise or fall. The difference would constitute usury. Hence it was customary to estimate the value of the produce at the time of lending and restore value for value, not measure for measure. So far was this principle carried that in arranging between neighbors for the exchange of a day's labor this consideration had weight. If one person asked another to do a day's weeding or digging, promising in return to assist the other in like manner the following morning, they were to remember that weeding or digging is a more laborious occupation on a wet than on a dry day; therefore a dry day's work was to be repaid by a dry day's work, and a wet day's labor by another wet day's labor; otherwise usury was held to have been exacted. A vendor was not permitted to have two prices—one for cash and one for credit. Any addition made for time given was usury. When anything was simply hired, whether house or movable, the case was different. The owner might charge one amount per term if paid in advance, and a higher rate if paid when really due at the expiration of the period for which the hiring took

place. For there was no debt until the term ended; and hence there was no consideration for time granted for payment. A creditor was not permitted to live in a debtor's house on payment of less rent than could otherwise be obtained. When money was advanced to a farmer to improve his holding, the owner was, however, entitled to increase the rent without resting under any imputation of usury. Payment in advance in order to obtain a loan, and payment subsequently in return for having obtained a loan, were also prohibited by rabbinical law. Even fair words to a creditor, courtesy which would not have been rendered to another but for the debt and obligation existing, were forbidden, as "usury in speech."

In how far, it may be asked, were the regulations prohibiting usury in its several forms applicable to transactions with aliens and pagans? The question is one of considerable importance. It would, however, be out of place to give here the pros and cons of the discussions carried on both in the Talmud and by the later rabbinitists anent this matter. The opinion of the Ghemara may be gathered from the following citation, which no inconsiderable portion of the Jewish community prefer to ignore: "Rab Nahaman says, Hunu declared that the Jew who lent to a pagan and took of him usury Heaven would punish as though he had exacted interest of a brother Jew." The punishment of usurers was, according to a traditional interpretation of one of the Psalms, that their property should be taken from them by Heaven, just as they took it from their fellow-men.

Significant as are the regulations of the legal code affecting the usurer, the moral anathema hurled at him everywhere in the Talmud are still more noteworthy. He is termed a robber. He was disqualified not alone from acting as judge, but could not even give evidence in a court of justice. The garment he took from his poor debtor was a public scandal. "Behold," says one of the kindest of the rabbis, Rab Josse, "how blind are these usurers. If any one hurt them, by terming them wicked and godless, they would almost kill those who thus stigmatize them. But here, they themselves deliberately and in the presence of witnesses execute deeds a thousandfold more scandalous. They call a writer to draw up and witnesses to attest and themselves affix their signatures to documents wherein they deny the God of Israel!" "Ay," satirically says Rabbi Simon in a beraitha, "they (the

usurers) treat Moses as a prophet and his law as true, saying if "Moses our master had known that money was to be made by usury he would not have forbidden it." Even more suggestive is the curious agadic legend connected with the resurrection depicted typically in the thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel's prophecies. "All the dead therein restored to life," runs the agada, "had merited death. They had adored the molten image which Nebuchadnozor had set up for them to worship. Nevertheless, Heaven in its mercy restored them. One alone among them all was not given back to life, for," concludes the legend, "he had practised usury."

From Land and Water.
CURIOSITIES OF OMNIVOROUS MANKIND.

THERE are numerous — we had almost said numberless — curiosities in connection with eating and drinking, even although our observations are restricted to the human family. If our natural teeth are examined at maturity, they are found to point out their possessor as omnivorous, and if they did otherwise, we should in the face of the following facts, regard them as false indicators, or, in other words, false teeth. Beef and bread are the typical foods in the British Isles, but nowhere else; almost every country has its own typical foods, together with miscellaneous articles of food of all descriptions. Dogs' flesh, cats, monkeys, birds' nests, are all savory morsels of the Chinese. The hedgehog is regarded as a "dainty dish to set before a king" in Barbary, and is largely consumed in Spain and Germany. Kangaroos are relished by the aborigines of Australia. The opossum is eaten in America, Australia, and the Indian islands. The walrus is eaten by the Esquimaux; whilst whale's flesh is eaten almost by all who inhabit regions far north or south, where whales are found. Mice and rats are considered delicate morsels in parts of Asia, Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. Horseflesh is gradually finding favor, and has for long formed quite the staple flesh food of the Indian horsemen of the Pampas, who eat neither bread, fruit, nor vegetables. The elephant is eaten in Abyssinia and in Sumatra. Three elephants were eaten by the Parisians during the siege, and were considered delicious, the liver more especially so. Dr. Livingstone says he

breakfasted off cooked elephant's foot, and found it a whitish mass, slightly gelatinous and sweet, like marrow, and quite delicious. The birds' nests we have spoken of as being consumed by the Chinese are procurable even in some London shops. They are the nests of swallows found in caverns on the sea-shore of the Eastern Archipelago, and are of a gelatinous nature, from a peculiar mucus which the bird secretes and discharges from its mouth whilst building the nest. Lizards again are partaken of by the Chinese; so are snakes. Spiders are relished by Bushmen, so are grasshoppers. Locusts are eaten, both in the fresh state and salted, by Persians, Egyptians, Arabians, Bushmen, and North American Indians. White ants, bees, moths, caterpillars, and grubs, all find admirers, especially among the lower savages. We have not got to the lowest depths yet. Earth-eating is practised by the Japanese, who make it into thin cakes called *tanaampo*, and eaten especially by the women, who take it to produce slenderness of figure. It is generally an unctuous clay, consisting of the remains of animal and plant life deposited from fresh water. In northern Europe a bread-meal, consisting of the empty shells of minute infusorial animalcules, is eaten. The Wanyamwezi, a tribe living in central Africa, eat clay between meals, preferring the clay of ant-hills. Some earth-eaters take earth having no nutrient properties. The Agmara Indians, for example, eat a gritty whitish clay, destitute of all nutrient properties. Tropical America is the scene of endemic disorders from this depraved dirt-eating habit. Officers who have Indian children in their employ use wire masks to keep them from putting clay into their mouths. "A negro addicted to this propensity is considered to be irrevocably lost for any useful purpose, and seldom lives long."

The quantity of food taken is also a matter of curiosity when we have well-authenticated instances of the extremes of going a long time without food at all, in eating next to none, and the other extreme of eating enormous quantities. In Siberia, Sir George Simpson procured a couple of men having a reputation for eating large quantities, and prepared a dinner for them of thirty-six pounds avoirdupois of beef and eighteen pounds of butter for each. By the end of the first hour their "stomachs were like kettle-drums," having taken half the dinner; in another two hours they had devoured the

whole dinner of one hundred and eight pounds of beef and butter. Those who eat so enormously are in a state of stupor for three or four days, neither eating nor drinking, and rolled about with a view to promoting digestion. Barrow says the Hottentots eat enormously sometimes : "Ten of our Hottentots ate a middling-sized ox, all but the two hind-legs, in three days." And again : "Three Bosjesmans had a sheep given to them about five in the evening, which they partook of all through the night without ceasing for sleep, and finished by noon the next day." On the other hand, in Shetland a number of the paupers getting 1s. and 1s. 6d. a week out-door relief, manage to live upon it year in and out, though food is just as dear as in any other part of Scotland, sundry cups of tea and a half-penny biscuit constituting a day's eating on many days, for they have fuel to buy out of their money in cases where they cannot fetch the peats in from the hills themselves.

No doubt we pass over edible things through ignorance of their properties. Thus, oranges are mostly regarded as things not to be despised; however, about thirty-five years ago a vessel was wrecked at the Shetland Isles, and amongst the cargo were large packages of oranges. One of these was picked up by a peasant, who in a day or two placed his treasure at the disposal of the laird. "I've browt ye some bonny baws for the bairns, laird," said the peasant. "They are oranges, Magnie, why don't you and your wife keep them for yourselves? They are delightful eating." "Why, ye see, laird," said the man, "I thowt they'd be bonny baws for the bairns to play wi', 'deed, as for eatin', why we've tried 'em all ways, an' they're bad boiled, they're warr rostit, but they're the deeval raw."

From The Boston Traveller.

THE DYNASTY OF THE ROMANOFFS.

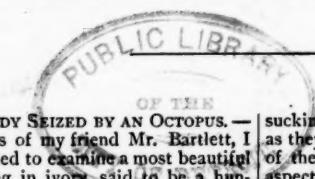
Having escaped shotguns, daggers and dynamite, the emperor of all the Russias is, at latest accounts, menaced with the poison-cup. It is a tough dynasty, the Romanoffs, and Alexander appears to be one of its toughest representatives. As far back as 1613, this great dynasty was founded. In that year an assembly of the States met on the twenty-first of February to elect a czar; and after a full discussion of many claims, Michael Romanov, a

youth of sixteen (son of Feodor Romanov, a noble of Russian extraction and metropolitan of Kostif), was crowned czar of Russia, July 10, 1613. After him reigned Alexis Romanoff, under the title of Alexis I. Then followed the short reign of Ivan I., who was succeeded by Peter the Great, who ascended the throne in 1689, at the age of eighteen. Intrigues and insurrections had troubled the young czar's minority, but he at last freed himself from the rule of an ambitious sister, and assumed, in reality as well as in name, the direction of the state. He had married, when only seventeen, a Russian lady, Eudoxia Lopuchin, from whom he was divorced three years later. The prince Alexis, the only son of this marriage, grew up under the guardianship of his weak and bigoted mother. He was much under the influence of the party who were in opposition to the czar Peter, and he was finally accused of conspiracy against his father. The czar required him either to make a thorough reformation in his life, or to retire to a monastery. At the end of six months' trial, Alexis left Russia under pretence of joining the czar Peter at Copenhagen; but instead of doing so, he fled to Vienna. He was forced, however, to return to Moscow. The clergy, the chief officers of State, and the chief nobility were convened, and Alexis, being brought before them as a prisoner, acknowledged himself unworthy of the succession, which he resigned, entreating only that his life might be spared. A declaration was then read on the part of the czar, reciting the various offences of which his son had been guilty, and ending with the solemn exclusion of him from the throne, and the nomination of his infant son by the empress Catherine as the future emperor. Not content with what had been done, Peter determined to extract from Alexis the names of his accomplices and advisers, and for nearly five months the unhappy young man was harassed by constant interrogations. By the laws of Russia a father had power of life and death over his child. On July 5, 1718, the czar Peter and the assembly pronounced Alexis deserving of death, and on the next day but one he died. His death was a violent one, and the remorse of Peter the Great in after years is well known. Between the reigns of the empress Catherine I. and empress Elizabeth, there reigned Peter II. and Ivan VI. Ivan V. was dethroned and imprisoned at the fortress of Schlenerburg, where he died a lingering death. The

Russian succession has been marked by a series of usurpations and murders; the two Alexander's having been the only two czars who succeeded their fathers. The czar Peter, the grandson of Peter the Great, married the daughter of Prince Christian Frederic, of Anhalt Domberg. On her marriage she took the name of Catherine Alexewina. Even before the death of the empress Elizabeth, which took place in 1762, she had conspired to supplant her husband on the throne; and he had hardly reigned six months before she organized the revolution that led him to a prison and his grave. She appealed to the imperial regiments of the Guards, telling them that the czar intended to kill her and her son.

The czar, when arrested, confused and terrified, consulted neither his safety nor his honor. He surrendered himself, and was killed by Orloff, an officer in the guards. Catherine, before the end of the same day, was proclaimed sovereign of all the Russias under the title of Catherine II. Her son, the Emperor Paul, who succeeded her, was murdered in 1808. Then came the reign of the czar Nicholas. He was succeeded by his son Alexander I. This brings us to the present czar of Russia, Alexander II., who in 1861, freed the serfs. This act was received with

great rejoicing at St. Petersburg. Immense crowds filled the streets and surrounded the Winter Palace, and a cry of joy arose from regenerated Russia. Of late years the popularity of the czar has greatly diminished; yet he has been more lenient towards his people than were the czars from whom he is descended. Russia has always been despotically governed. Some account has lately been given of the number of Russian nobles who are imprisoned or exiled from Russia, and those also who are in Siberia. This number is possibly much exaggerated. The plots of the Nihilists, the intrigues in higher quarters, have now reached their height. The Cossack and Tartar blood shows itself. Should the czar Alexander be some day assassinated, there is his son the czarowitz, who married the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, and his three sons. Next in succession to them would come the grand duke Vladimar. The grand duke Alexis, who has twice visited America, is the third son of the czar. The grand dukes Serge and Paul come next in the imperial line of succession. And although the Nihilists and disaffected parties in Russia may have their day, like other evils, yet the extinction of the dynasty of the Romanoffs will not be easily compassed.


JAPANESE LADY SEIZED BY AN OCTOPUS.—By the kindness of my friend Mr. Bartlett, I have been enabled to examine a most beautiful Japanese carving in ivory, said to be a hundred and fifty years old, and called by the Japanese *net suke* or *togle*. These togles are handed down from one generation to the next, and they record any remarkable event that happens to any member of a family. This carving is an inch and a half long, and about as big as a walnut. It represents a lady in a quasi-leaping attitude, and at first sight it is difficult to perceive what she is doing; but after a while the details come out magnificently. The unfortunate lady has been seized by an octopus when bathing—for the lady wears a bathing-dress. One extended arm of the octopus is in the act of coiling round the lady's neck, and she is endeavoring to pull it off with her right hand; another arm of the sea monster is twined round grasping the lady's body and waist—in fact, her position reminds one very much of Laocoön in the celebrated statue of the snakes seizing him and his two sons. The

sucking discs of the octopus are carved exactly as they are in nature, and the color of the body of the creature, together with the formidable aspect of the eye, are wonderfully represented. The face of this Japanese lady is most admirably done; it expresses the utmost terror and alarm, and possibly may be a portrait. So carefully is the carving executed that the lady's white teeth can be seen between her lips. The hair is a perfect gem of work; it is jet black, extended down the back, and tied at the end in a knot; in fact it is so well done that I can hardly bring myself to think that it is not real hair, fastened on in some most ingenious manner; but by examining it under a powerful magnifying glass I find it is not so—it is the result of extraordinary cleverness in carving. The back of the little white comb fixed into the thick of the black hair adds to the effect of this magnificent carving of the hair. I congratulate Mr. Bartlett on the acquisition of this most beautiful curiosity. There is an inscription in Japanese characters on the underneath part of the carving, and Mr. Bartlett and myself would of course only be too glad to get this translated.

FRANK BUCKLAND in Land and Water.

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